FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Vauxhall do

THE SPHERE, MARCH 5, 1938
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1989 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 5 1938

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES

DE RESZKE —of course!

Wipe just one coat of COLRON WOOD DYE on your bare deal floor and other new woodwork, polish with RONUK and they will look and wear like real polished oak.

(12 SHADES— 6d. 1/- and larger sizes)

Ask your Dealer or write for particulars RONUK Ltd., Dept. 61, Portslade, Sussex

LEMON HART RUM

EST. 1804

YOUR WARMEST FRIEND

SPINK Cash Buyers of FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER

5,6,7, KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1. Estd. 1772. Telephone: Whitehall 5275 (5 lines)

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

An Indispensable Part of a Good Cocktail

We recommend the Isle of Skye Cocktail, 1/3rd each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin.

The "Quality" Beer

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S Scotch Ale

ON DRAUGHT OR IN BOTTLE

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

Don't say "Kummel" - say BOLSKUMMEL

THE ORIGINAL DUTCH DOUBLE DISTILLED VERY DRY

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE. Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

Branches and Agencies throughout the World.

BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE V

Aspects of Daimler Character

Daimler silence, Daimler smoothness, Daimler power — to these, Britain's leading coachbuilders add genius of body design.

The result is a series of masterpieces: each notably individual. Examples of these fine new models may be seen in our Showrooms, where your own personal Daimler can be discussed.

Daimler Straight Eight Limousine - - - £1550
Daimler Twenty Limousine - - - - - £875

SOLE LONDON DISTRIBUTORS
STRATSTONE
27 PALL MALL · 38 BERKELEY ST

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Regd. Trade Mark.

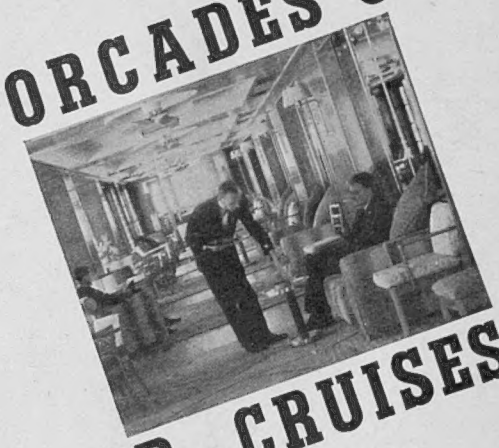
FOR ALL SHADES
OF HAIR.
IT PROMOTES THE
GROWTH, GIVES
LIFE AND LUSTRE,
AND LONG DELAYS
BALDNESS.

3/6, 7/-, and 10/6
from Chemists, Stores & Hairdressers.

Send for Free Booklet on the Hair.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22, LAYSTALL STREET, ROSEBERY AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.1

★ORCADES ORION ORFORD CRUISES★



Ships that are up-to-date and well designed: a staff to study your whims: fine public rooms: good food and comfortable cabins.

12 CRUISES—1ST CLASS ONLY
By ORCADES & ORION (23,500 tons) from APRIL to SEPTEMBER to the EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, NORWAY and the BALTIC. *Fares from* 22 *GNS.*

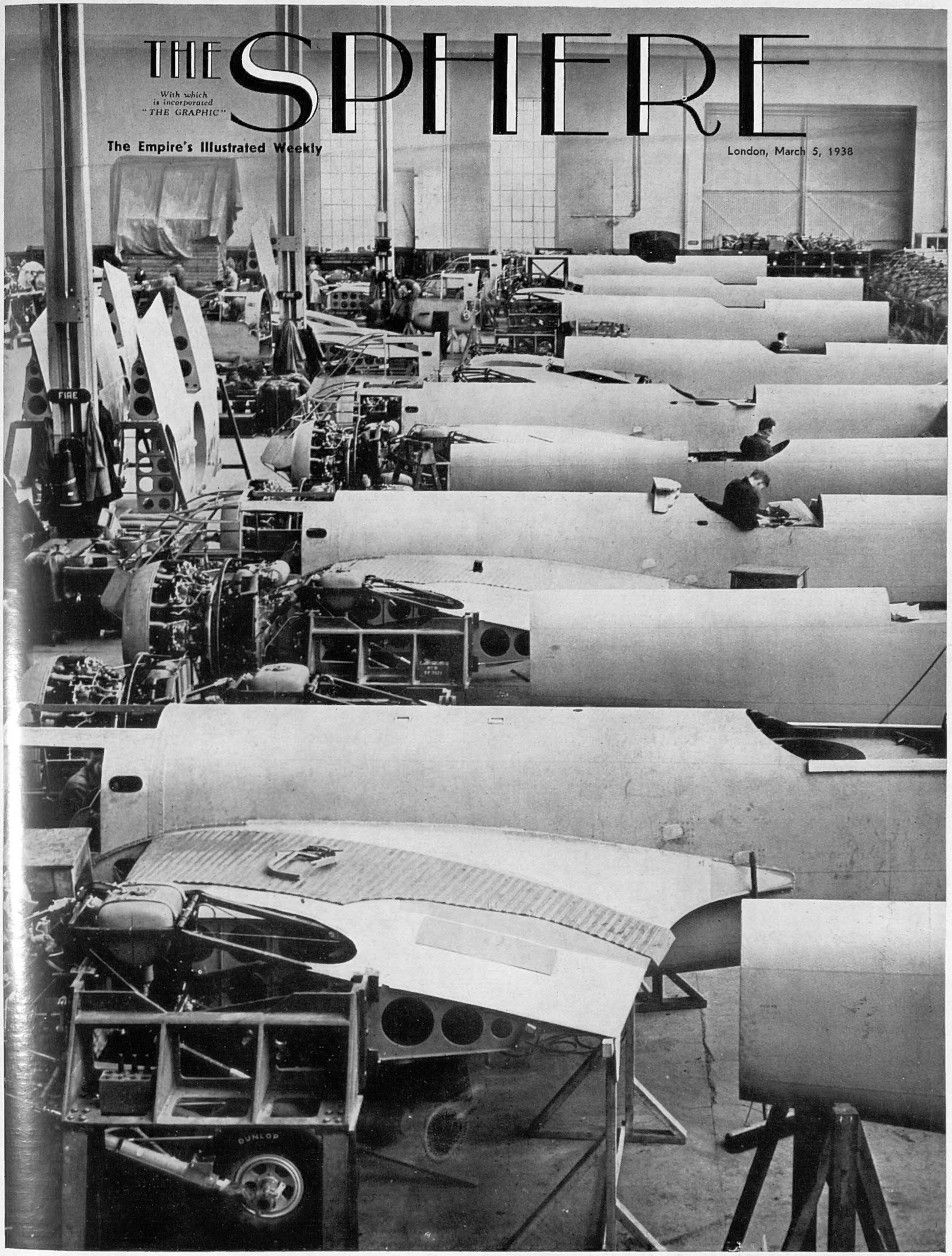
4 CRUISES—1ST and TOURIST CLASS
By ORFORD (20,000 tons) in JULY and AUGUST to the WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN.
Fares from: £22 *1st Class.* £12 *Tourist*

Write for illustrated booklets

★ORIENT LINE

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St., S.W.1 & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. TELEPHONES: MAN 3456 WHI 6981 TEM 2258 *or Agents*

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 5, 1938



BRITAIN'S AIR ARMADA IN EVOLUTION

Bristol Blenheims, the World's Fastest Two-motored Bombers, in Course of Mass Assembly at a Bristol Factory

Britain is rapidly becoming in a position to build aircraft in greater numbers and more swiftly than any other country in Europe, thanks in large measure to the "shadow" factories which have been set up to assist in the expansion of the Royal Air Force and to give motor firms experience in aircraft production, thus allowing of still more rapid expansion in the event of war. The military aircraft industry is undoubtedly going ahead by leaps and bounds and, while there are some who argue that still more could and should be done, the solid fact emerges that since April, 1935, the strength of the R.A.F. has been increased from 52 to 123 squadrons. Furthermore the report that in 1937 Britain actually exported 300 military planes, including a number of Bristol Blenheims, the world's fastest two-motored bombers, which went to Finland, Yugoslavia, and Turkey, would seem to evidence that we are not lagging behind in our programme, otherwise it is highly doubtful if the Air Ministry and the Board of Trade, the responsible departments, would have given their sanction to such transactions. Meanwhile it is gratifying to know that there is no recruiting problem in the R.A.F., the number of pilots who have entered the service since expansion began now exceeding 4,500. The Air Estimates issued last Wednesday showed that £20,000,000 more is to be spent in the coming financial year

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE HOUSE SITS LATE: Lighted windows above and crowds of cars below gave evidence of Parliament's special activity last week when Mr. Eden made his resignation statement and Mr. Chamberlain defended his own plan to open negotiations with the Italian Government. The Chamber was thronged, and many members of the diplomatic corps had seats in the gallery to hear the dramatic cut and thrust of unusually potent Conservative and Socialist argument

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, March 2, 1938.

THE VOICE O'ER EDEN.—Pulses have quieted down, temperatures have fallen, and the full-dress debates on the Eden resignation are matter for filing for future historians. Compared with this sensation, the resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare, after the Hoare-Laval affair, was a storm in a tea-cup. Mr. Eden will come again, and that soon, and I fancy will one day win the blue ribbon of politics. There is time enough. Meanwhile, it is worth while, as an aid to the study of European politics for the next six months, to pin down *facts* which have emerged. Most important is the Government's acknowledged view of the League. From to-day Mr. Chamberlain's Government admits (what a majority of plain Englishmen have admitted for years) that the League as an instrument to furnish collective security is dead, or not dead but sleeping. Never henceforward can it have collective force as its ultimate sanction. It must lie in abeyance practising a new sanction, the moral force of its member States. And as that moral force grows more clamant, it may perhaps call back the deserters and the waverers. To-day it would be a snare and a delusion to hold out the League to smaller nations as an instrument capable of assuring their just claims or redressing their clear wrongs. In adhering to the League and to every single article of its Covenant (including No. XVI), Mr. Chamberlain, for his Government, has kicked over the League as at present constituted, until further notice. Thus we have the Government and a majority of the country confessed to a root and branch change of creed in international politics as a result of bitter experience, and for Mr. Chamberlain that change is of very recent date, far later than for that majority which supports him. We are to suppose that Mr. Eden and the Socialist Opposition still stand broadly for the League as constituted, that is to say, are still hopeful that collective security is practical politics in our immediate future.

THE MAJORITY VERDICT.—"The voice that breathed o'er Eden" was raucous and many tongued. But, calmly collated, the views expressed in a debate conducted with some heat were of no great historical importance. Our handling of a Government major crisis is once more the admiration of Democracies and the envy of Dictator Powers. Mr. Lloyd George's reputation gained nothing by the happy chance that he was able to be in his place. He was mischievous, petulant, and not over generous when convicted of error. Mr. Churchill made but one point which others have made—that a crisis of the first magnitude had been staged rather too late in the day and to enable the Government to back the wrong horse. The Socialists made party capital by throwing down an Italian dagger. At the end of it all, the majority of the House and the country came to the conclusion that Dictator force had not once again triumphed, that British prestige was not still further lowered, that the end would justify almost any means if an easing of the tension in the Mediterranean could be accomplished, and that Mr. Chamberlain should have the chance to see what he could do. If he failed, we should know where we stand with Italy and the situation would be no worse. If he succeed, the dispersal of the mists which have so long hung over our Government's attitude to the League, must greatly improve the chance of success for other individual efforts at appeasement—with Germany most of all. There is no reason for us to abandon France. We can hold her hand instead of trotting along tied to her apron string. She, too, can try individual negotiations. The League is dead, pro tem., and the time has come for Britain to see if any spark remains in British genius for diplomacy and firm-minded appeasement. The issue is clearer. We have snatched one more chance. If the worst comes to the worst we shall be no worse off. A majority of the nation holds this view after dubious and anxious examination. I think it is a right view. Within six months we shall know beyond peradventure what is exactly behind the Duce's mask.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: Their Majesties talking with a demonstrator wearing an electrically-heated airman's suit at the Scientific Instruments stand during their visit to the Olympia section of the B.I.F. The Queen has also toured at length the large Earl's Court section, making many purchases

admission goes beyond what many Austrians hold). For the rest, the Chancellor affirmed to Austria and the world that the concessions wrung from him depend for their implementation by Austria on the meticulous observance by the Nazis of the promises made for them by Hitler and represent the very utmost which Austria will concede before preparing to die for freedom in the last ditch. The peace achieved is an honest peace if Hitler keeps his word. The Chancellor believes he will do so. If he cannot control his more unruly followers in Austria, one more scrap of paper goes into the waste-paper basket, and there remain God and the unconquerable spirit of Austria and (not in the same category) such help or moral encouragement as the old friends of Austria may offer (England, France, the U.S. —and Italy).

HOT HEADS.—Apropos of the late debate referred to, an ingenious inventor of Spokane, Washington, has recently invented a gadget to keep the hiker's head cool in hot weather. There are two small bellows, one on the sole of each shoe, and when you walk along the bellows are squeezed and send the air up a small hose that is carried up each trouser leg and thence up the back into the hat. The small

BRITAIN'S NEW F.S.: Lord Halifax, former Vice of India, whose appointment to succeed Anthony Eden has aroused widespread sa faction. This week, however, Mr. Attlee, Opposition leader, asked the Prime Minister Parliament if he would state "the reason breaking the established Parliamentary practi of having the Foreign Secretary in the Ho of Commons." Mr. Chamberlain replied th "in the present circumstances the disadva tages are outweighed by the outstand qualifications of Lord Halifax for the offic

SCHUSCHNIGG DOTS THE I'S.—Everything in Europe and civilisation waits on results. Where nothing is yet solid, nothing proven, time is the only criterion of the soundness of new policies and the good faith of new promises. If Mussolini is sincere, Mr. Chamberlain is a wise statesman. If Hitler's promises are to be trusted, Schuschnigg's surrender may prove a step to European peace and no death warrant to Austrian independence. Time alone can show. We know now from Schuschnigg that the pressure put upon him at Berchtesgaden was not exaggerated. There was only one point of agreement between the unequal forces there assembled. Broadly and in theory, the Austrian Chancellor agreed that Austria is a German people and has a German land and a German mission. (Even that ventilating air hoses are covered by your coat, and the appearance at the back of the hat is similar to that of a rather stout hat-guard. In an honest wish to be helpful, I suggest that the device could be adapted for speakers in Parliaments. If the bellows were operated by the tongue instead of the feet, the air-hoses would be much shortened and their passage to the head greatly simplified.

LORD ARNOLD.—Lord Arnold resigned at the beginning of this week from the Labour party to which he loyally adhered when the National Government was formed in 1931, albeit his entry into it was largely due to his close friendship with Mr. MacDonald. He was of course at heart a Liberal without a home and he was usually a moderating force in the party councils. It is small wonder that he felt profound disagreement with the Socialist Opposition's manifesto of last week and that call for

a General Election on the Eden issue which smacked too much of narrow, party politics. He regarded the Party's foreign policy as consistently weak and muddled, and he was undoubtedly one of its recognised authorities on foreign affairs. Most of the Labour peers, created since the first Labour Government, assumed their hereditary honours reluctantly and at the expense of their political careers and have been on the whole moderating influences.

COOL HEADS. — The four Russian scientists were at last rescued from their ice-floe on which they had voyaged 1,000 miles from the North Pole to the coast of Greenland. The rescue vessels took them aboard on February 19. Like polar bears similarly situated, the voyage was none of their seeking but they have "broken all records" by living on their ice-raft for nine months. For the best part of a year they have existed in a tent on a section of moving ice which ever grew smaller as the pace of the drift increased and during all that time they kept their observation notes

PREPARING FOR ITALIAN TALKS: The Earl of Perth, British Ambassador in Rome, leaving Downing Street after his call on the Prime Minister from whom he has been receiving instructions regarding procedure in the conversations with Mussolini with a view to effecting a settlement of Anglo-Italian problems. Meanwhile Count Grandi, Italian Ambassador in London has been to Rome to confer with the Duce. The Earl of Perth, who succeeded to the title in 1937, was formerly known as Sir Eric Drummond

and kept in touch with the outside world by means of wireless. In dangers without parallel, in suffering almost beyond human endurance, in constant peril and anxiety, they remained throughout cool-headed (*mot juste!*) scientists, very precise and orderly. And their final rescue was on Stanley-Livingstone lines, an unsentimental, formal affair, with much saluting and exchange of official messages. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The scientific object of the expedition was to bring the North Pole into the sphere of civilisation with the aid of aeroplanes, part of a larger Russian undertaking, of which the Moscow-California flight was an earlier stage. If the Pole still retains certain obstinate relics of barbarism, the world's admiration for those four heroic professors is not the less profound.

MR. HUGH THOMAS.—Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas held a quite important position in diplomacy. He was killed last week when indulging in a sport admittedly very dangerous. The inherent dangers of steeplechasing are enhanced when riders have not had the opportunity to attain to the maximum of training and practice, and of course with advancing years. When a man reaches fifty, he is no longer fit—unless in constant practice and training—for big steeplechasing. In Britain public opinion is not very clear as to the rights of a public servant to risk his public career in the pursuit of a dangerous sport. The question came up with Lord Birkenhead. Mr. Thomas was a bold rider, and hunting and steeplechasing were with him ruling passions. He was perhaps entitled to say that his public work was the affair of his country, his private recreations his own affair exclusively. It is difficult to disagree. We live in a dangerous age.

WIRELESS AND HOME WORK.—At one school at least in the Midlands, 95 per cent. of the children do their homework to the accompaniment of wireless. Their headmaster carried out a series of experiments to assess his own percentage of concentration when "working to wireless." It was about 40 per cent. of the normal. It is possible that homework is undesirable—I do not know. It is probable that 75 per cent. of wireless talk and entertainment is intolerable trash. But this is certain; home work is waste of time if it is done to wireless and till parents can be trusted to impose a bare minimum of home discipline, it had much better be scrapped. Wireless and home work! Which of the two is more likely to breed a race of human beings of character and good judgment, with the power to think for themselves and to rely on their own mental resources? Which to produce a nation of facile nit-wits? I am in no sort of doubt as to the answer.

VICTORIAN ART.—In matters of artistic fashion we are like Charles Surface. We knock down our ancestors of the R.A. for an old song. The problem picture, a generation ago, of the year—John Collier's "The Proposal"—was knocked down last week for 5 guineas, the price of the frame. I well remember jostling round it. I do not remember whether I felt at the time that it was worth more as an investment than the price of the frame. Because it was a large frame the economic conditions of the day affects our judgment to-day of the picture's merit. Some artists achieve greatness and big prices in their lifetime, some after death. Collier and Leader (and that lot) got big sums while they lived. The acknowledged old masters of to-day most often painted their masterpieces and thought themselves adequately paid with 20 guineas. For comfort it is better to be a master while you live. But the artist who dies of starvation is more likely to live in posterity. But merit is not all. I should be embarrassed at the gift of "The Apotheosis of the Duke of Buckingham," by Rubens. Honestly I would rather you gave me a drawing by Paul Sandby from the Windsor Collection, or one of Cotman's—"Greta Bridge," for choice.

AMENITIES OF ATHOLL.—Last week at Blair, the Duke of Atholl inaugurated the Atholl Amenity Trust. It has at its disposal a small trust fund and its function is to maintain the ancient traditions of Atholl and the old habits of the people, the dances and the piping and the games, the preservation of the old monuments to battles long ago, and to worthies of that wild and lovely territory between the "Sow of Atholl" and Dunkeld, which has Killiecrankie as its centre, and Blair Castle as its museum. It is a sound scheme, which has materialised not a moment too soon. The force of economic circumstances has hardly hit the lands of Atholl. The bulk of that great estate has passed into other hands and there is always a danger that in such cases, and with the irruption of indiscriminating tourist traffic, old traditions may be lost. But by a happy chance, joined with sympathetic foresight, there is a prospect that ultimately the lands will return to a subsequent holder of the Dukedom of Atholl in right of his wife. It is one of those picturesque possibilities which take us to the shelf where the Waverley novels stand and direct our finger to *Guy Mannering*. Meanwhile, the amenity of Atholl will be nursed by sympathetic hands.

MR. EDEN FACES HIS CONSTITUENTS: The ex-Foreign Secretary pictured at Leamington where he went last week to re-affirm the policy which led to his resignation and to make plain at the same time his unswerving allegiance to the principles of National Government and to the Conservative Party. He received a great ovation and a unanimous vote of confidence. Mrs. Eden can be seen sitting at the table near her husband

THE "LEFT" MAKES A STAND: A glimpse of the crowd that assembled in Hyde Park last Sunday to hear Socialist speakers demand an immediate General Election to determine the electors' attitude towards the Government's foreign policy following Mr. Eden's resignation. There was a similar gathering in Trafalgar Square and meetings in certain parts of the country

IRVING'S DON'T.—There are few known cases where an acknowledged actor has advised any one to adopt the stage as a profession. Almost invariably they point out the hazards and hardships of the profession and strenuously dissuade the aspirants. Sir Henry Irving was no exception as a recently discovered draft of a letter written to his son Harry proves. It is a beautifully composed and reasoned argument, instinct with the dignity of the profession and the experience of one who succeeded in it. Against his son's chances of success, he marshalled the handicaps. He put in the forefront the weight of a name, the name of Henry Irving. So far from its proving a benefit, he was sure it would in the long run be a heavy handicap. For the aspirant must go through the mill, start at the bottom; his chief difficulty is always to gain practice, to educate his mind and memory, to keep his body fit, above all, to resist temptation and the hundred pitfalls which cause the weak character to fall, never to rise again. Work, method, discipline, years of struggle and hardship . . . Irving knew, when he wrote to his schoolboy son, that that son was unalterably determined on the actor's career. Yet there is no sign that I can see in the letter that he was playing with conventional phrases, little indication that the essential egotism of all great artists sought to keep from the profession one bearing his already famous name. The man whose altar candles were footlights, who was all his life an actor on and off the stage, poured out to his young son his honest opinion of the hardships and agonies and hazards of the stage as a profession. Yet young Irving, had he lived a score of lives, would have chosen a stage career twenty times.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CITY REACTS TO WESTMINSTER'S NEWS: Messenger boys waiting to rush cables and telegrams to the Stock Exchange during last week's minor boom which followed hot on the heels of Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of his determination to negotiate with Signor Mussolini. The City was quick to see the financial possibilities arising from a sound Anglo-Italian settlement

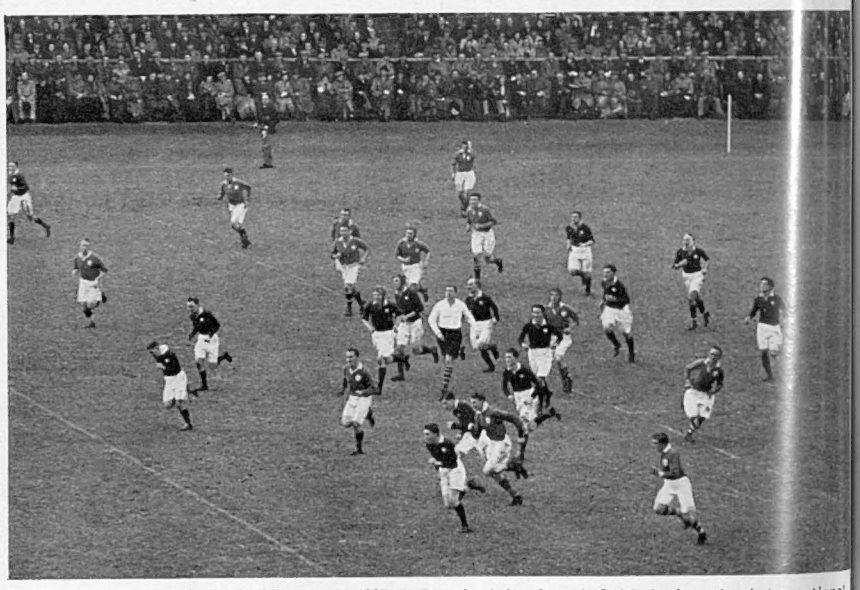
FROM TWO CONTINENTS

A Pictorial Record of Headlined News at Home and Abroad

SPORT AND POLITICS IN THE BIALOWIEZA: Field-Marshal Göring in earnest conversation with his host, President Moscicki of Poland, during last week's forest hunting party attended by a number of German and Polish notabilities. Field-Marshal Göring's ability to afford time for a hunting visit to Poland at what many regard as a critical moment in European history may be taken as evidence that the Polish desire for closer collaboration is shared by the leaders of the Reich

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN CONTRIBUTES TO THE WINTER RELIEF FUND: Sir Nevile Henderson handing his subscription to two collectors who visited his table during the annual gathering of the German Overseas Club at the Hotel Esplanade, Berlin. Sir Nevile was formerly British Ambassador to the Argentine

PIPING THEM INTO SUPPER: Pipe-Major Mackintosh leading the guests down the grand staircase at Londonderry House during the Stuart costume ball held to assist the finances of the Historic Ice Festival to be staged at Earls Court in April on behalf of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Just behind the Pipe-Major is Lady Mary Stewart



THE THISTLE ON TOP AT MURRAYFIELD: Activity in midfield during the international rugby match between Scotland and Ireland last Saturday, when both lines were crossed four times but Scotland, by reason of superior goal-kicking, gained a well deserved and decisive victory by 23 points to 14. This was their second success of the season

THREE AIRMEN WERE BADLY INJURED when this five-seater De Havilland Dragonfly crashed on to a railway embankment at Croydon last Saturday, about two hundred yards from the aerodrome. A double tragedy was only just averted, as for a few seconds the falling plane was in the path of a big Royal Dutch air liner. The Dragonfly was the property of Air Travel Limited, and was being tested before going out to Australia

A BIG ORDER FOR DOWN UNDER: A gigantic electrical transformer, weighing 60 tons, pictured as it was being lowered into the hold of the Aberdeen and Commonwealth liner, *Waipawa*, before dispatch to Australia from King George V dock, London. It has been made for the Melbourne Electricity Commission by the B.E.T. Company at Hayes

WATER BUBBLES INTO WEALTH: This is the road house set up by John Munkacsy near Caldwell, New Jersey, and from which he has been dispensing to thousands of visitors the water coming from an artesian well on his property. The liquid, sold at 15 cents a gallon, is claimed to cure all sorts of ailments, and Munkacsy has already reaped a rich financial reward. He is now holidaying in Florida

"RIVER STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR": Shopkeepers had to board up the entrances to their establishments when the Pajaro River, swollen after sixteen days of incessant rain, overflowed its banks and coursed through the streets of Watsonville, California. Such incidents are apt to upset California's boasts about her climate

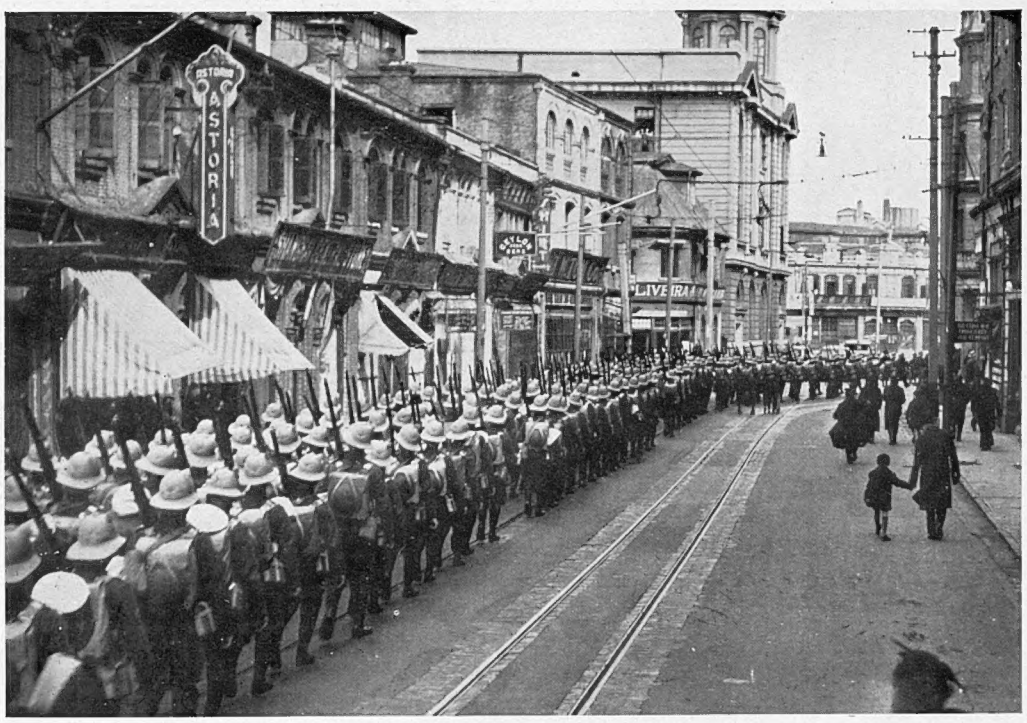
TROPHIES FOR TRIMMERS: The Duchess of Gloucester about to distribute the prizes at the Quorn hedge-cutting competition held at Twyford, near Leicester. Hedging is a great art, and needless to say the big hunts are only too keen to keep it alive as it benefits the rider to hounds almost as much as it does the farmer. The awards on this occasion consisted of cups and billhooks and other implements of the craft

SNOW IN THE "DUST BOWL": A car almost completely shrouded in a drift after the recent blizzard in Wichita, Kansas, where the heaviest fall for twenty years was experienced. Experts believe that it will have a beneficial effect later in the year by allaying the dust storms which usually create such havoc in the region

READY FOR THE FINAL ROUND: Last September candidates came from all parts of the Empire for the preliminary examination for those wishing to become pipe-majors. These six men were chosen from the original entries and since then they have been undergoing an advanced course of instruction from Pipe-Major William Ross. When this picture was taken they were arriving at Edinburgh Castle for their passing out examination

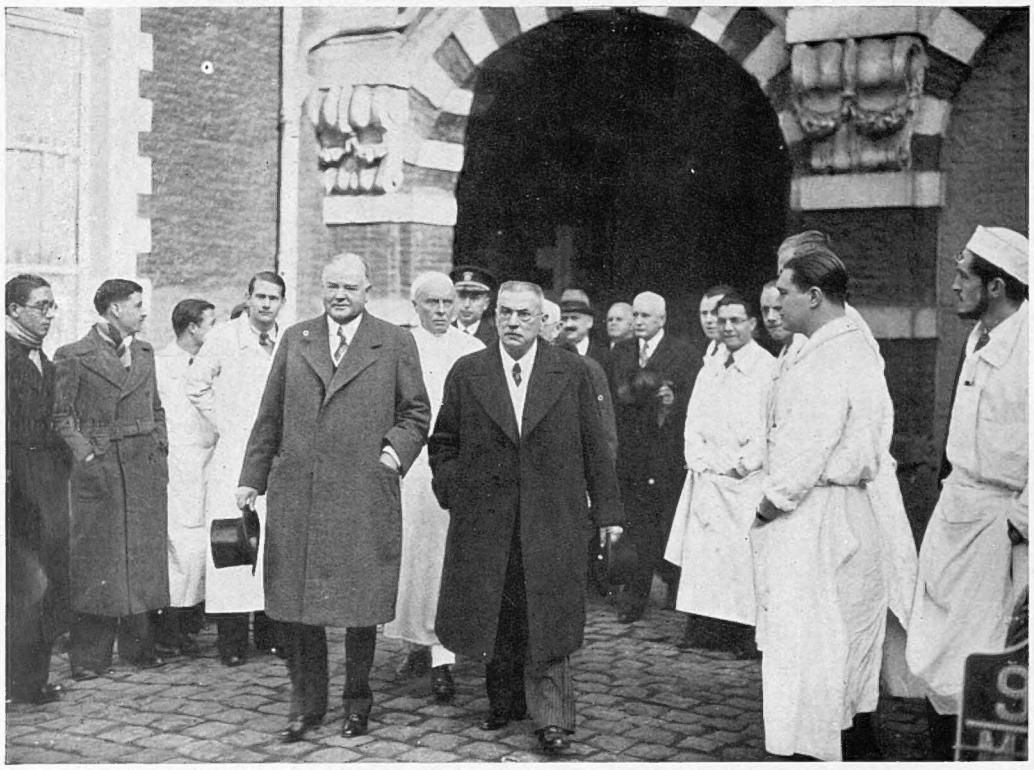
IN THE WAKE OF THE WIND'S WRATH: An aerial view of Rodessa, the Louisiana oil town, after it had borne the brunt of the two-minute tornado which swept over it, razing buildings to the ground and causing the deaths of 25 people. An oil well that ran wild after the tornado struck added the threat of explosion to the other horrors, but the wind shifted in time to blow danger-fumes away

WAY OF THE

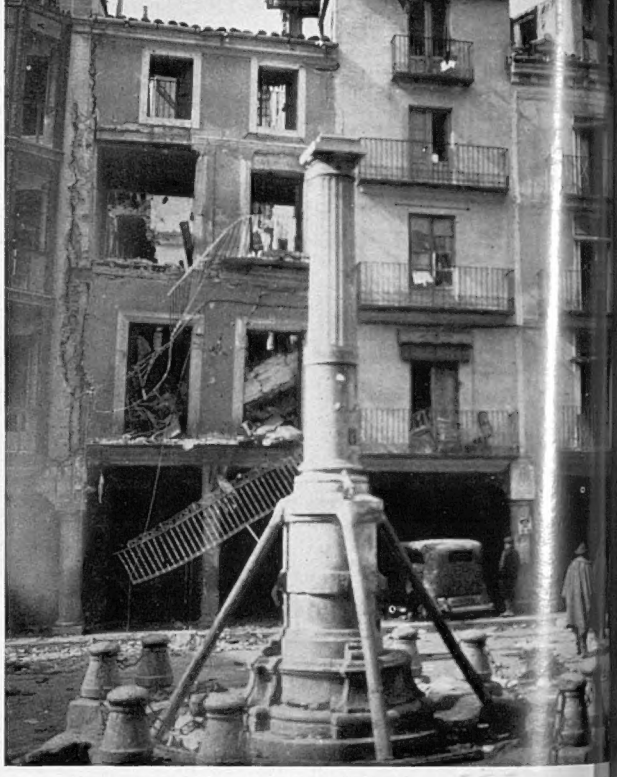


BRITAIN REDUCES HER FORCES IN SHANGHAI: Men of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers, marching through the International Settlement before embarking on the troopship *Dunera* en route for the Sudan where they are to continue their foreign service. Now that life in Shanghai is returning to normal the foreign garrisons, strengthened at the beginning of the Sino-Japanese conflict, are all being reduced to normal. A few days ago the Sixth United States Marines also left, taking ship for San Diego, California

WAR-TORN TERUEL: A street scene in the Aragonese city after re-capture by the insurgent forces who, acting with great determination, drove out the Government troops at the beginning of last week. The city, which has been the scene of some of the bitterest fighting since the civil war began, presents



MR. HOOVER IN FRANCE: The former U.S. President, who had the misfortune to be in office when the slump hit America and was defeated at the polls by Mr. Roosevelt, pictured (left centre) outside the St. Sauveur Hospital at Lille during a recent visit to the city in the course of his European tour



STORMED AT BY SHOT AND SHELL: A square in Teruel as it appeared when the insurgents re-entered the city and found a large proportion of it in ruins. The column in the foreground was once surmounted by the figure of a bull, but it was knocked down by the force of an explosion in the building opposite

CHURCH AND STATE COME TO TERMS IN YUGOSLAVIA: M. Stoyadinovitch (second from left), the Premier, at the banquet given in Belgrade in honour of the Metropolitan Dozitch (third from left) on his appointment as Patriarch of the Serbian Church in succession to Patriarch Varnavos who died last July at the height of the dispute with the Government over the concordat with the Vatican. The dispute is now at an end and the Serbian Church's excommunication of ministers, including the Premier, has been rescinded

JUBILANT INSURGENTS leaning from the windows of a building in Teruel where they had taken up their quarters after recapturing the city. The defences in the foreground were made of paving stones and were evidently built by the Government

WORLD: A Pictorial Survey of Current Events

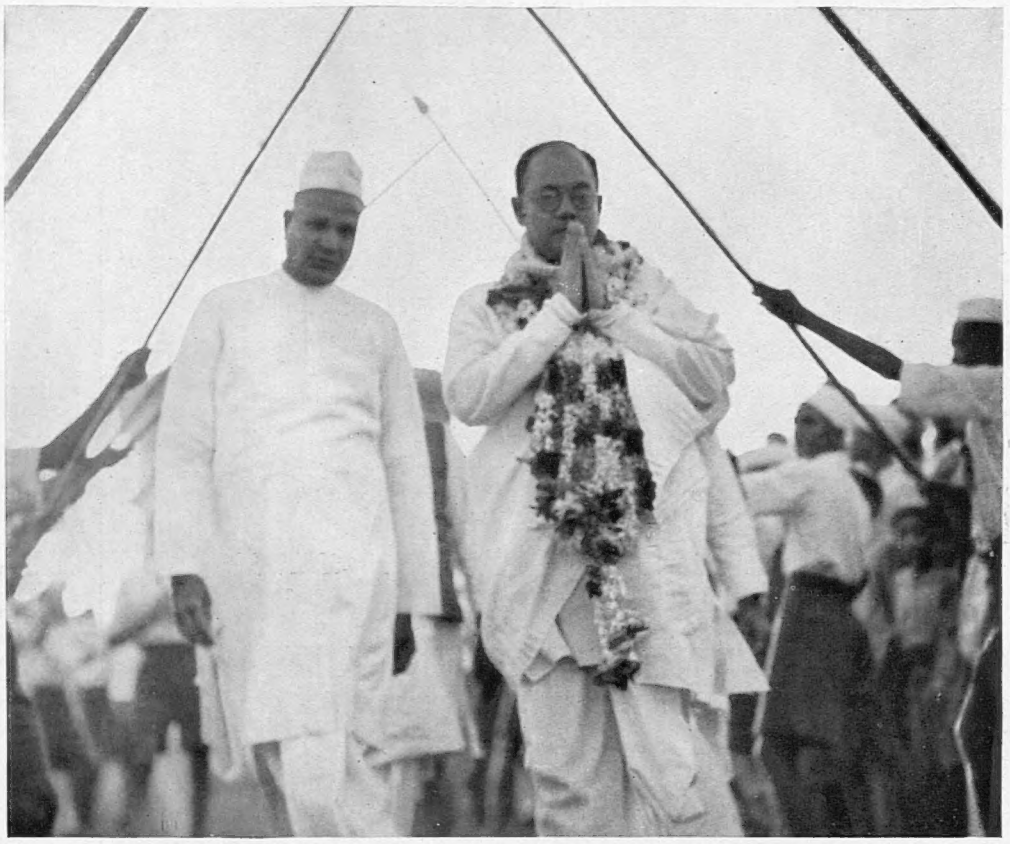
a sorry spectacle to-day—the Cathedral, the Bank of Spain office, the Seminary, the Convent of Santa Clara, and the Hotel Aragon all being seriously damaged. Some progress has already been made in clearing away the masonry and rubbish littering the streets, but it will obviously be months before even an appearance of normality is restored

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY: Insurgent troops in the Plaza del Gobierno at Teruel on re-occupying the city after it had been in the hands of the Government for two months. The building in the background escaped destruction, but the state of its outer walls evidences the extent to which it must have been bombarded

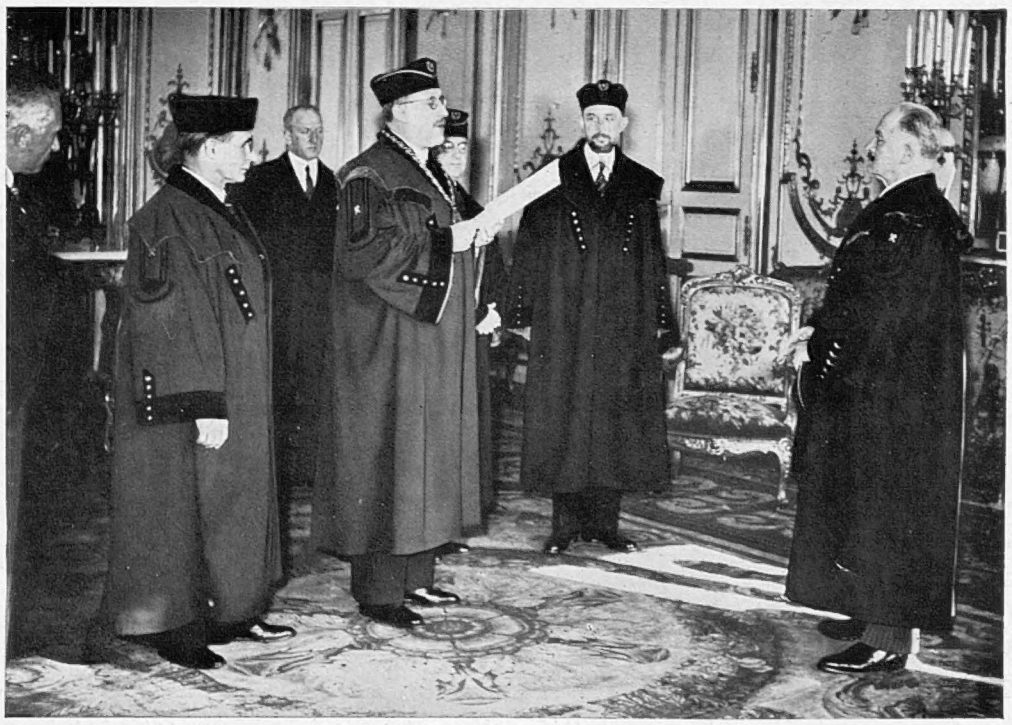
HAILED BY INSURGENT SPAIN: General Yague who directed the operations which led to the re-capture of Teruel. According to figures issued on February 24 the Government lost 16,000 prisoners and nearly 10,000 dead during the last days of their tenure of Teruel

QUEEN ELENA TOOK THIS PICTURE of King Victor Emmanuel with his grandson, the Prince of Naples, son of Crown Prince Umberto and the Crown Princess (sister of the Belgian King)

NICE GOES GAY: King Carnival, a gigantic figure playing a guitar and riding on a parrot, arriving in the Place Massena at the height of last week's carnival at the big Riviera resort. Nice, in common with Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Menton, has lately been enjoying a real boom



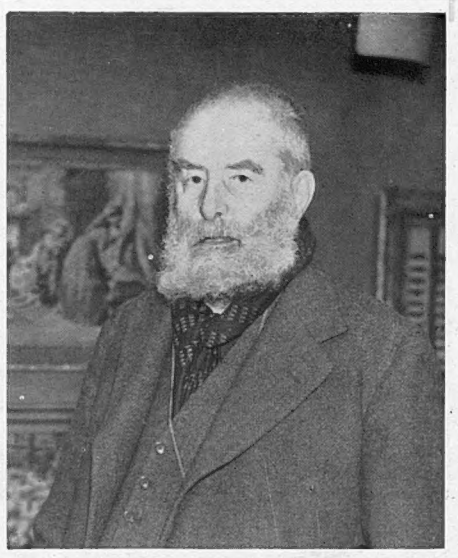
A CRISIS AVERTED IN INDIA: Subhas Chandra Bose, President-elect of the Congress Party, passing beneath an arch of staves during the annual gathering of the party at Haripura. Last week he and his colleagues came into conflict with the British authorities when the Governors of Bihar and the United Provinces, backed up by the Viceroy, refused to allow the release from prison en masse of offenders jailed for political murder, train wrecking, and other activities. As a result the Bihar and United Provinces Congress Ministers resigned simultaneously, but a compromise has since been reached



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT HONOURED: M. Lebrun (right), wearing the gown appropriate to his new dignity, listening to M. Parma, Rector of the Pribam School of Mines, Czechoslovakia, as he read the address nominating the President to an honorary degree. The ceremony took place in Paris

LONDON SOCIETY LEADERS KILLED IN CALIFORNIAN AIR CRASH: This picture of Lord and Lady Plunket (left), showing them with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, in a box at Santa Anita racetrack, California, must have been one of the last to be taken before the Plunkets lost their lives when their plane was wrecked during a flight from Mr. William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon ranch to Hollywood. Lord Plunket, who was 38 years of age, was known as a soldier and an artist. His fourteen-year-old son succeeds to the title

THE MAN AND HIS WORK: Mr. Jacob Epstein (left) standing beside his bronze group of the "Madonna and Child," which has been bought by Miss Sally Ryan (right), and is now being displayed in the Tate Gallery



BORN 1860—STILL GOING STRONG: Mr. Richard Sickert, fearless experimenter in art technique, seen at the Leicester Galleries where he attended the private view of his latest exhibition of pictures

CHARITY PREMIERE: Charles Laughton with Elsa Lanchester (right), Vivienne Leigh (left), and Dudley the dog who appears in his latest picture *Vessel of Wrath*, seen in the foyer of the Regal, Marble Arch, after the first presentation of the film in aid of the Actors' Orphanage

"TOTAL GROSS RECEIPTS ARE UP BY £1,313,000," said Mr. Robert Holland-Martin, the Southern Railway's chairman, when he gave a cheerful account of the Company's affairs at the annual meeting

LORD AVEBURY AND HIS BRIDE, Miss Cecily Sparrow, cutting the cake following their marriage at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Lord Avebury's grandfather was responsible for the Bank Holidays Act of 1871

HITLER'S LAND as I saw it

Some First-hand Impressions of Nazidom and Its Congresses Recorded in a New Volume by J. Baker White

READERS of THE SPHERE are familiar with the pictures of great gatherings which seem to take place three or four times a week somewhere and for some occasion in Germany. The serried ranks, the banners, the gigantic swastikas, the festoons of evergreens, and as focal point, the figure of the Führer. How is it possible for these celebrations to follow one another in such rapid succession and apparently with such minute exactitude of preparation?

Considerable light on the conundrum is thrown by a reliable witness, well known to our readers, Mr. J. Baker White, who in a very instructive narrative *Dover-Nürnberg Return* (Burrup, Mathieson and Co., Ltd.), tells the story of a visit to the 1937 congress of the National German Socialist Workers' Party, more commonly known in brief as the Nazi Party. The author set out for the picturesque city of Nuremberg and saw, close up, the preparations and marshallings which brought the great congress meetings into being.

He watches one of those labour parades in which all the thousands of youths carry shovels as soldiers carry muskets.

"The parade of the labour service, the *Reichsarbeitsdienst*, has begun. For 75 minutes the detachments of youth from the labour camps, clad in field-grey uniforms, black top-boots, heavy packs on their backs complete with greatcoat, blankets, spare boots, ration tin and water-bottle, pass by in an unending stream. Each detachment has its own band to play them past the saluting base, each its squad of banners from the camps it represents, for of the 400,000 men in them only 38,000 can be on parade. On the shoulder of every man save the officers—most of whom have war decorations—is not a rifle but a glittering ceremonial shovel polished to shine like silver, the emblem of national service.

"They march as well as trained soldiers, and as each rank approaches the saluting base the men break into the goosestep with a precision that not even the regular army could criticise. As they pass out of the arena they wheel to the left, their shovels glittering, and break into the double to disappear behind the stands.

"The critics may say 'there must be a snag somewhere'; and there is. Labour service is making difficult the training of young craftsmen for industry, especially in the coal and engineering industries. Such training should start at seventeen-and-a-half or eighteen years of age, but now it cannot begin seriously until twenty, which is really too late. There is another possible snag too, that labour service may destroy forming personality and individuality, creating the mass mind that can only think and act collectively. That is a personal and not wholly confirmed opinion. Could we, should we, have compulsory labour service in Britain? No, emphatically no, but could we not try it voluntarily with a lesser degree of drill and perhaps some cultural education? For the future greatness of Britain our rising generations must have fit minds in fit bodies."

Mr. Baker White sees Herr Hitler sitting or standing out gatherings which began to fatigue his audience—one hour, two hours, three hours . . . "I have studied him since his name was first outside Germany in 1923. I have read his speeches, analysed his actions, taken stock of his achievements. There is much about National Socialism that I heartily dislike, but I believe that Hitler is *exalté*."

The book was written before the recent officer trouble and references to the *Reichswehr* therefore have a special interest.

"Search the serried ranks of seats and it is almost impossible to find serving officers or other ranks of the *Reichswehr*. For this reason, and it is one that is vital in the make-up of things behind the scenes in Germany. Serving officers of the fighting forces are not members of the National Socialist Party. A young Nazi called up to do his two years' conscript service has his Party membership automatically suspended until he is discharged."

A POET AND PATRIOT PASSES: Gabriele D'Annunzio, Prince of Montenevoso, who died suddenly on March 1 from hæmorrhage of the brain at his villa, the Vittoriale, by the shores of Lake Garda. Outside Italy he was largely known as a man of action, as witness his seizure of Fiume, and as an eccentric, but as a poet he was in the front rank, his work revealing that natural magic that is one of the rarest endowments of genius. He was a strong supporter of the Fascist movement

One obtains a flash of light on the unanimity of Germany at the beginning of Chapter XII. The author is describing the S.A. parades and writes thus:—

"The stands round the Zeppelin field are crammed to their capacity of 180,000 people. Drawn up on the field itself in close ranks with six avenues between them are 130,000 brown-shirted men, with the brass of band instruments glittering in the centre of the parade. It is the assembly of the political leaders of the National Socialist Party, *including all the group leaders, each of whom is responsible for fifteen families*. That is the extent of Nazi Party organisation. *For every fifteen families in the whole of Germany there is a Party worker, trained in propaganda*." (The italics are ours.)

Mr. Baker White's whole narrative is full of good matter and should be read in extenso.

YUGOSLAVIA : *Evidence of How One of Europe's Post-War States is Planning Her Defence and Another is Providing for Civilian Protection* : CZECHOSLOVAKIA

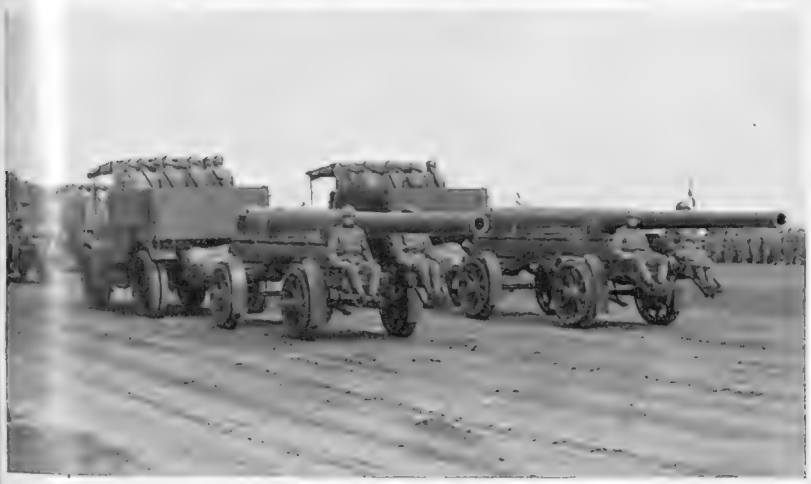
THE CARTOGRAPHERS: Yugoslav an officers engaged in drawing up maps from photographs supplied by the aerial reconnaissance planes. A picture illustrating an important phase of work in the Yugoslavian forces which in view of prevailing conditions of uncertainty in the Danubian basin are rapidly being strengthened

GAS-MASK DRILL FOR GIRLS at one of Czechoslovakia's Youth Camps, where those between the age of six and fourteen are instructed in how to use respirators and in first aid. There are also camps for those between fourteen and seventeen, at which the boys are taught to bear arms and the girls learn the rudiments of behind-the-lines duty. The Republic is preparing for every eventuality

AIRMEN IN CAMP: Yugoslavian officers and men pictured during off-duty time after the day's training. The State possesses at least forty-two aerial squadrons and in the last edition of the Almanach de Gotha it was stated that she had 568 planes, an approximate figure that is probably very greatly exceeded by now

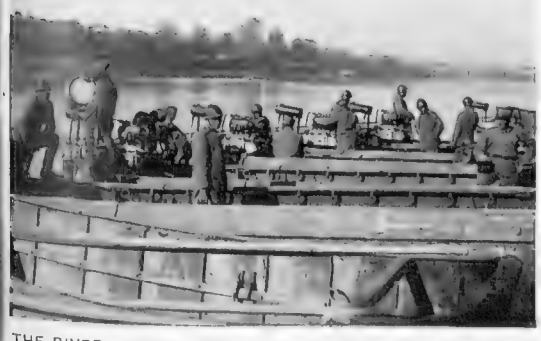
REALISM: Girls emerging from a gas chamber in a demonstration car after a lesson in the art of wearing the gas mask under a near approach to emergency conditions

THE OBSTACLE RACE: Czechoslovakian boys learning how to run when hampered by wearing gas masks. Another important phase of youth training



WHERE MECHANISATION HAS MADE BIG PROGRESS: Guns drawn by lorries, the latter accommodating the crews and ammunition. The guns, it would seem, are of unusually heavy type for field artillery

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BOYS OF NINE AND TEN are taught how to read maps, receiving theoretical instruction in the camp and afterwards putting their knowledge into practice during exercises in the surrounding country



THE RIVER PATROL: Steel-helmeted men preparing craft for operations on one of Yugoslavia's waterways. The motors used are of rather an unusual semi-outboard type, being placed at the stern and appearing to be positioned half in- and half outside the hull

MIDDLE EUROPE, AS EVER THE DANGER POINT: A sketch map of the Powers within the orbit of the Rome-Berlin axis showing, particularly, an unenviable proximity of the post-war-created States of Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia

MOBILE THOUGH MASKED: Boys crawling through the narrow space beneath felled pine trees during an obstacle race; a picture taken at their autumn camp. Exercises such as this are regarded as invaluable in teaching them how to wear respirators under conditions of difficulty

b

CORSICA TO-DAY: A sketch-map of the island upon the defence of which the French authorities are expending such vast sums. At Corte there is an air base; at Ajaccio guns are concealed at the four cardinal points, and the military aerodrome is completed; at Bonifacio, facing Italian-owned Sardinia, the rocky coast is copiously strewn with batteries hidden away in caves; at Porto Vecchio 400,000,000 francs are being spent on armaments, and plans are in hand to make it a naval base. The military headquarters are situated at Bastia in the north

The WOOING *of* CORSICA

While Italy Casts Longing Eyes on the Rugged Island, France Expends Vast Sums on the Fortification of the Harbours and the General Strengthening of the Defences

By FERDINAND TUOHY

CORSICANS are currently receiving the full impact of Italian propaganda whose subtlety, brazenness. and insistence in the face of apparent heaviest odds, stand locally revealed at what must be something near their peak potentiality. Can even ever-on-the-job Fascists go further on territory not theirs than Signor Alfieri's intensive wooing of Corsica? The visitor wonders. Surely this must be the sky—the limit—with the new-fangled weapon in the wielding of which Italians are so well ahead of all?

That the Duce has long had Corsica in his irridentist book, we are aware. Corsicans may swear they've never been Italian by race, even as do the Maltese. Rome knows better. "Why, on the face of it, Corsica is almost part of Italy! The tongue as good as Italian; the names, characteristics, customs, and traditions, no less so. The architecture, the religion, oh, the whole savour of the island . . ."

Despite that Bonaparte's last thoughts were for the French people "whom I have loved so well," that his ultimate wish was that he might rest by the banks of the Seine, despite the Bonapartes having been 100 per cent. Corsican by blood, Signor Mussolini hesitated not at all to claim Napoleon for Italy and, with l'Empereur, the island whence he derived although this island may have been bestridden down the centuries by a dozen other conquerors besides the Romans, Genoese, and Pisans.

Corsicans had the Romans for a hundred years, and never allowed themselves to become assimilated. They had the Genoese Republic twice as long and to this day Corsicans will speak of that occupation as Sinn Feiners might be expected to talk of Cromwell. Alone, the Pisans gained favour. Thus, the historical facts. The French have been installed now for 170 years. It is perfectly plain and admitted, of course, that Italy, less than 50 miles distant, has all along impregnated Corsican life, more so than France, and as an instance, 100 Ligurian families founded Ajaccio, the capital. Yet if the truth were to be put, it is that the Corsican is a brooding, highly individualistic type who would prefer to do without either French or Italians but who, if he has to choose, opts for the former.

Ostensibly, the present chapter of Fascist penetration was propelled by Maître Campinchi, Corsican deputy in the Paris Chamber, who, last October, when Minister of Marine, visited Toulon and there felt constrained to say a few words concerning France's readiness to protect her Mediterranean rights. He did this on board the mail packet, *General Bonaparte*, whose Corsican crew has since testified unanimously in writing to what was said—mild as milk compared with the shaking of millions of bayonets at the sky, and so forth. Nevertheless, Signor Alfieri's department fell upon the utterance and so contorted it for Italian consumption as to make it appear an aggressive threat directed at peace-breathing Italy by one of those "pacifist" democracies; and the Italian Minister of Propaganda found the usual support in the pro-Fascist Paris newspapers.

The leitmotif was that the French, headed by the renegade Campinchi, intended waging war on Italy, using Corsica as jumping-off point, and that the island must inevitably suffer the cruelest fate in consequence. So let agitation—aye, rebellion—rear its head while there was yet time, let the spirit of Pascal Paoli descend once more upon martyred Corsica (and who knew but that Fascist Italy might not come to the succour of her Corsican brothers).

With an audacity that could be amusing in other circumstances, the Fascists have made Paoli the centre of their propaganda, to the extent of fathering a subscription for a monument to the Corsican patriot, which was unveiled last September at his birthplace, Morosaglia. In May, a bust had been undraped at Leghorn. The facts are that Paoli rose in first place against the Genoese and was on the point of expelling them from the island when a deal was done between the Genoa Republic and Bourbon France whereby the latter was enabled to descend upon Corsica and overwhelm Paoli's peasant army. Paoli had no love for France which drove him into exile, to London, where he died and lay buried for eighty years, until 1887; but neither did the Liberator ever display the slightest desire to have anything more to do with Italian suzerainty. (As a fact, his sternest opponent was his brother Corsican, Napoleon, who refused to allow Paoli to be buried at Morosaglia, fearing a rekindled nationalism.)

One would like to write "so much for history" at this point but it is difficult. One found three publications circulating in Corsica, two weeklies and a daily, which systematically but cunningly evoke Fascism's reading of the past. Two are printed under the laws of the Republic and, no matter whence they derive their funds, from Paris, from Rome, or from each, they cannot be touched. The third, the *Telegrafo*, is printed over at Leghorn and, being banned in Corsica, is smuggled in under stamped envelope. In addition, the island is flooded with Italian newspapers offered at absurd subscription rates to the islanders. Yet it is the *Telegrafo* that arrests, as representing projection G.H.Q. of the concentrated Roman effort to sap and undermine the French hold on Corsica. At Leghorn a research staff constantly functions and thence the general campaign is directed. This is furthered by word of mouth, by broadcasting, and by the distribution of tracts, besides the above cited French and Italian newspaper activities. There are some 15,000 Italian emigrants in Corsica, and they are dearly wanted on the soil, so great has been the exodus of young Corsicans to the Riviera, Marseilles, and Paris, chiefly. France is in a delicate position about these emigrants. They are known to be honeycombed with spies, agents provocateurs, and tentacles of Leghorn, yet if any cleansing were essayed, it is almost certain that Mussolini would threaten to withdraw the lot, as he did once before, in 1930, for another reason, on which occasion Paris had to pray him to desist.

One might say that the perilous infiltration, far from being checked or lessened, requires to be encouraged. Fascist penetration, as executed from the Consul down, is further helped along by the attitude of Corsica's own young Fascists, for the most part located in the Ajaccio area and including in their ranks some of the island's most prominent names—such as Jean Fraissenet. Fraissenet *père* owns the French mail packets to Corsica, in fact, he owns endless things, and he is on the best of terms with the Duce. So are other Franco-Corsicans, more influential. Chiappi, famous Paris ex-Prefect of Police, used to be Mayor of Ajaccio, his natal town. An avowed Fascist, he goes on prolonged visits to Italy. His son-in-law, de Carbuccia, another Corsican, edits the principal Fascist organ in France, *Gringoire*. Duke Pozzi di Borgo, held in the Santé Prison in connection with the Hooded Men plot against the State, belongs to perhaps Corsica's most time-faded family.

Fascist insinuation owes much to the practice of enticing popular young Corsicans—maybe who have excelled in sport—away to free university training in such centres as Padua and Bologna, for when these young men return to their island it is naturally understood that they set about proselytising.

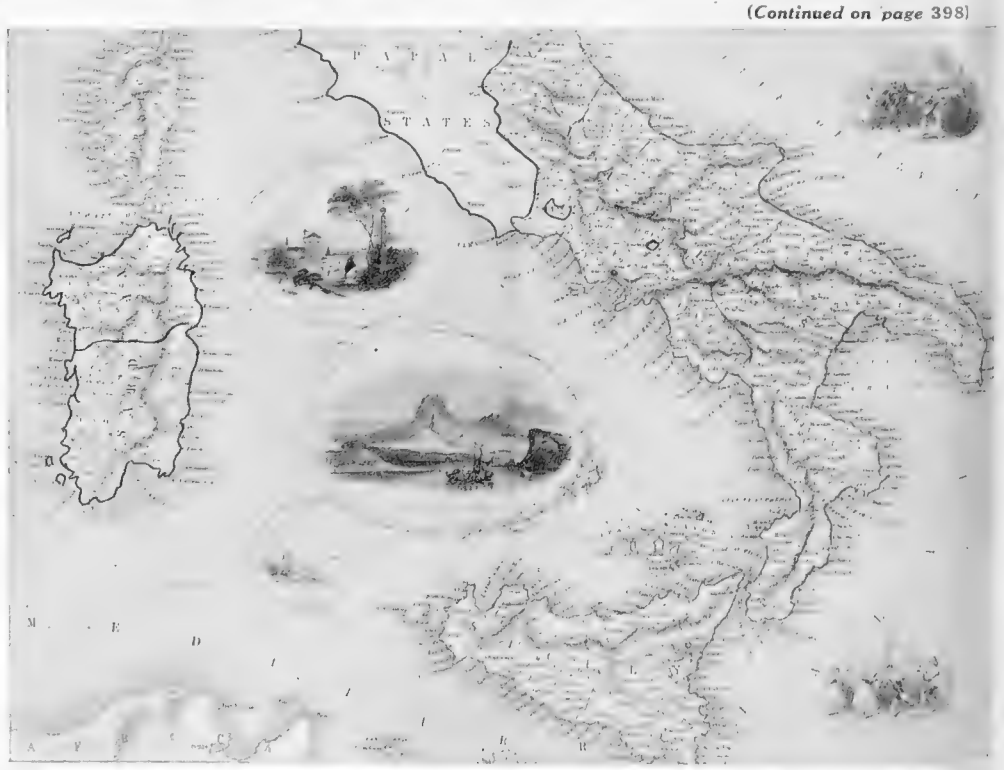
The gist of the Fascist propaganda, as taken from five sources, the *Popolo d'Italia*, *Corriere della Sera*, the *Frontispizio*, and the *Nazione* of Florence, and the *Telegrafo* may be conveniently boiled down as follows:—

"France acquired Corsica by intrigue and by money. Napoleon himself declared it required ten Frenchmen against one Corsican. But Corsica shall once again be free! French is a foreign tongue. Corsicans have nothing in common with the French, neither history nor morals nor aspirations. So take care not to let out of the country the money circulating in it. It is the only French thing there.

"France has always exploited and neglected Corsica. Under her domination Corsica has lived only on memories and regrets. Over the island a desperate sadness has weighed for years. Its young men are recruited for the French army and its young women are enrolled in Parisian night places. The Corsica of Pascal Paoli is nothing more than a reservoir for soldiers and for white slaves.

"War, war . . . against Italy. At Corte there is an air base and a strategic road leading straight to Bonifacio. At Ajaccio guns are concealed at the four cardinal points. The military aerodrome is already completed and enormous depots for oil and petrol are under construction beneath the hills. At Bonifacio, facing Sardinia, the rocky coast is copiously strewn with batteries hidden away in

(*Continued on page* 398)



CORSICA AND HER NEIGHBOURS IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY: An old engraved map illustrating the relationship of the French island to Sardinia, home of the House of Savoy, the Papal States, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which had its capital in Naples, where the Bourbons held despotic sway before Victor Emmanuel II of Sardinia became King of a united Italy

EUROPEAN SURVEY

Austria's Nazis Jubilant : France Ponders on Foreign Policy : King Zog's Sisters Leave for the U.S.

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR CONFERS WITH HIS REFORMED MINISTRY: Dr. Schuschnigg addressing his colleagues following the Cabinet changes made in conformity with the demands of Chancellor Hitler at the now historic Berchtesgaden meeting. Although Dr. Seyss-Inquart, a Nazi, controls the police, it would appear from Dr. Schuschnigg's speech on February 24 that the complete Nazification of Austria is no certainty. "I consider it our first duty," he said significantly, "to preserve the freedom and independence of our Austrian Fatherland." Meanwhile, the Nazi flag, which can be seen in the picture on the *right* flying side by side with the Austrian standard from a building in Salzburg, has been temporarily banned

EAGER FOR THE ANSCHLUSS: Vienna students of Nazi sympathies giving the Hitler salute by the steps of the University during a demonstration held despite the exhortations of Dr. Seyss-Inquart, the Nazi Minister of the Interior, that it is in the interests of all Hitler supporters to show iron discipline and to respect the present Government

PARIS REACTS TO LONDON'S NEWS: M. Yvon Delbos (left), the French Foreign Minister, M. Camille Chautemps, the Premier, and M. Georges Bonnet outside the Elysée after attending a conference with President Lebrun at which the whole European situation was reviewed consequent upon Mr. Eden's resignation

FRANCE SAYS "BOYCOTT JAPANESE GOODS": This demonstration was held in Paris a few days ago, placards bearing representations of various Japanese products, ranging from tinned salmon to silk stockings, being paraded through the streets. *On right*—AMERICA BOUND: Three of the sisters of King Zog of Albania pictured with the captain of the Italian liner *Conti di Savoia* before they left Naples last week en route to the United States for a short holiday

THE ARMOURED CAR STILL HOVERS IN THE BACKGROUND, symbolising that life in Shanghai yet has its elements of uncertainty, but on the surface, as the pictures on these pages show, the return to normality has been marked and many of the old places of entertainment are once again open. *Below*—Chinese actors backstage in a Shanghai Theatre

THE THEATRES ARE BOOMING IN SHANGHAI, the people, eager no doubt to forget the grim realities of the past few months, turning for relief to the world of make-believe. On the threshold of this particular theatre an armoured car happened to be standing when the picture was taken, providing a significant reminder that all is yet far from serene

"TOMMY" AND "JACK" TAKE IT EASY and, after securing the defence of the International Settlement through the long period of anxiety, now have time to visit the bars which, by all accounts, are doing a thriving trade. A number of the foreign units have lately been withdrawn from the city

BACKSTAGE: *On left and on right*—Two players in one of the leading Shanghai theatres pictured in their dressing-rooms before taking the stage

IN SHANGHAI THE TIDE OF LIFE RETURNS

Evidence of the Trend Back to Normality, on the Surface at Any Rate

CLOSED FOR THE DURATION OF HOSTILITIES in the Shanghai area, the Cathay Hotel, one of the best known stopping places in the International Settlement, has once again opened its doors to the gay night life of pre-war days. Like the equally well-known Palace Hotel, it was involved in the bombing at an early date in the campaign

THE STREET VENDOR'S PATRONS THRONG to taste his delicacies. Another indication of the returning tide of life in Shanghai which was for months a city of the dead, its trade paralysed and all its pristine gaiety forgotten

THE DANCING GIRL: East and West meet in a Shanghai club. *Below*—A theatrical performance at a Chinese theatre where the traditional form of entertainment still holds sway. Pictures of China's leaders adorn the walls

THE NIGHT CLUBS ARE OPEN AGAIN and even if the gaiety is not quite what once it was it is, at least, a notable imitation. Prices are inclined to be rather high just at the moment owing to the trade situation

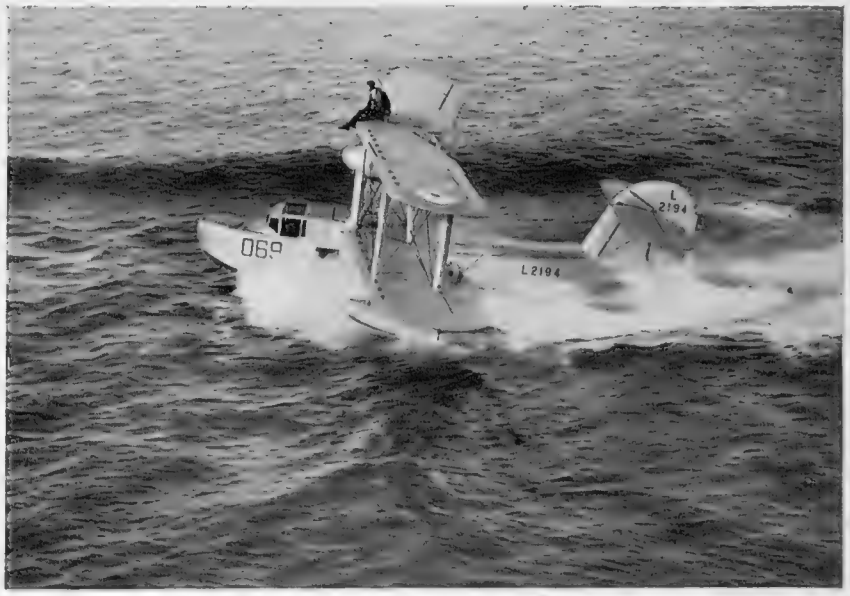
On right—THE VILLAIN, NO DOUBT! A Shanghai actor, once again in work after many months, shown wearing a traditional style of make-up and head-dress

THEY SHADOW THE FLEET: Two machines of No. 201 Flying Boat Squadron engaged on reconnaissance duty over the English Channel. In time of war it would be their job to keep the warships informed of enemy movements

GERMANY'S LATEST "FLOATING AIRPORT": The S.S. *Friesenland*, which was launched at Kiel last March, pictured in the English Channel recently. She is to be stationed in the Atlantic as one of the bases for the German air mail service to and from the North American Continent. Seaplanes will come to rest beside her and be hoisted on deck by the crane at the stern

A DRIVING FORCE IN AMERICAN AVIATION: One of the giant 1,220-h.p. Wright Cyclone engines built for one of the new four-motored Boeing "Supersky-liners" which are to be put into service on U.S. air routes in the summer. The planes are claimed to set a new standard in passenger comfort

BRITAIN'S AERIAL LEVIATHAN: Interested spectators examining the giant air liner, the largest ever built in this country and the first of a fleet of fourteen ordered by Imperial Airways for their Far Eastern service. The under-carriage, with its balloon-tyred wheel, retracts into an engine nacelle



COMING ALONGSIDE: The observer sits in the centre of the upper wing span of this seaplane ready to hook the machine on to a crane and be hoisted aboard H.M.S. *Shropshire*. A picture illustrating a phase of routine in the new Fleet Air Arm

THE NEW FLEET AIR ARM

The "Service Within a Service," the Control of Which is Vested Entirely in the Admiralty Instead of Being Shared by the Air Ministry

THE Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy—that force over the control of which there has been so bitter and sustained controversy—is to be developed out of all knowledge. In the process it is to become what will be virtually a service within a service. So much is implicit in the important announcements which have been made recently about the future of the Fleet Air Arm. These announcements have been made within some seven months of the decision of the Government to end the controversy of control by vesting the control of the Fleet Air Arm entirely in the Admiralty.

Most important and far reaching of the recent announcements has been the institution of a scheme for short service commissions for what is termed the Air Branch of the Royal Navy.

This in itself is a departure from the naval tradition of long service. But it is dictated by necessity. Up to last July fully 30 per cent. of the officers of the Fleet Air Arm were officers seconded from the Royal Air Force for duty with that arm. With the institution of Admiralty control in place of the old dual control system shared by the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, the seconding of Royal Air Force officers to the Fleet Air Arm ceased. That did not mean that the Royal Air Force uniform ceased to be seen on board the aircraft carriers of the Royal Navy. A process of gradual substitution was begun, whereby officers of the Royal Air Force serving in the Fleet Air Arm were replaced by naval officers as their appointments expired. This process has not yet been completed, but the greater part of it can be carried out without such great extension of the Fleet Air Arm personnel as to require rapid entry under special conditions.

But there are at present building for the Fleet Air Arm five aircraft-carriers, and it is probable that the forthcoming Navy Estimates will authorise an increase in this number. Every one of these new aircraft-carriers is to carry more than seventy aircraft—that is, a greater number than the existing carriers. It follows that a rapidly-growing Fleet Air Arm personnel is necessary on this count alone. But, in addition, the Fleet Air Arm is to have its own shore aerodromes, which it has never had before. This again will increase the need for naval flying personnel.

It is for this reason that the Admiralty, through the newly appointed Director of Air Personnel, has formulated a scheme of short-service commissions for officers wishing to join the Air branch of the Royal Navy.

Such officers will be eligible only for the Air Branch. Thus a service within a service is to be created; which will be leavened by the long-service officers of the present Fleet Air Arm.

Under the new scheme officers are to be recruited at ages between 17½ and 23, and will enter for seven years in the first place. Thereafter, if they volunteer for

(*Continued on page* 398)

A MONARCH OF THE FLEET AIR ARM: The aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Furious* pictured from a reconnaissance plane. With the Air Arm now under complete Admiralty control no more Royal Air Force officers are being seconded for service aboard the carriers

ATHLETES OF EMPIRE

March Past in Sydney's Stadium

The grand parade of athletes was the feature of the opening day of the Empire Games, held in Sydney concurrently with the first stage of the celebrations marking the 150th anniversary of the establishment of Australia's first white settlement. Representatives of eighteen parts of the Empire competed, and numerous track records were broken

SAILORS OF EMPIRE

A naval contingent passing through the streets of Sydney watched by a large crowd. A picture typifying the impressive pageantry that has been an almost daily feature of life in the New South Wales metropolis during the past month of celebration

AT SINGAPORE: WITH LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

A Personal Investigation of the New Island Defences

BRITAIN'S strongest farthermost east bulwark of Empire, the powerful new Singapore naval base, was formally opened with simple but impressive ceremonies the other day.

I have just spent two weeks in Singapore, and on occasion have been the guest of Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of the Straits Settlements, High Commissioner of the Malay States, and Lady Thomas. I also had long chats with Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay, Commander-in-Chief of the British Naval Forces who had been engaged in the war manœuvres off Singapore; with Air Vice-Marshal A. W. Tedder, Air Officer-Commanding the Royal Air Force in the Far East, and a talk with Major-General W. G. S. Dobbie, General Officer-in-Command of the Singapore Fortress, and of all of the Malay defence forces; and of course with many others, including Air Marshal Joubert de la Ferte from India; Air Commodore E. W. Norton recently posted to Singapore.

Everyone of these guardians of British Empire interests impressed me by the way in which they were taking every detail to heart, and their almost exuberant enthusiasm over the manœuvres.

General Dobbie is a great character. He is one of those soldiers who go to war with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, but still preserve a sense of humour and humanity. He can even laugh at a joke against himself. The General was in Palestine for sometime, and during his command a Tommy was asked how things were going in Palestine. "Well," came the reply in pure Cockney, "The Arabs won't fight on Friday, the Jews won't fight on Saturday, and Dobbie won't fight on Sunday!"

The naval base has been placed and constructed in the eastern part of Johore Strait, which separates Singapore Island from Johore Bahru. The Island and the Malay State are connected by a causeway for motor traffic and pedestrians, and by a railway which runs to Penang and northwards to Bangkok.

The base itself is 14 miles from Singapore and 12 miles from the open sea to the east. It begins near the village of Changi. That village, with its barracks for troops, has become a garrison town.

Those who expect to see something spectacular in the form of enormous concrete forts with long, black tubes of giant guns sticking out menacingly will indeed be disappointed. Apart from the colossal docks, large enough to take in and repair the biggest capital ship in the British navy, which are tucked away and can easily be camouflaged, there is little to see. Evidence of the tremendous scale of the splendid engineering achievement of the great naval base is obvious everywhere, however.

Opposite Changi, and lying directly in the eastern entrance to Johore Strait, is the island of Pulau Ubin. It is several miles long, and constitutes an important strategic part of the base and its defences.

The giant 15-in. guns, with their range of more than 20 miles, the howitzer batteries big and little, are in part in concealed and closely guarded concrete emplacements in the hills on both sides of Johore Strait, back of the naval base itself, and in part scattered over a wide area on Singapore Island, and on a veritable galaxy of islands near the eastern and western entrances of Johore Strait, and off the city of Singapore. The position of these fortifications with their guns, which in the grand complex of the whole forms the Singapore fortress or land defences, are of course military secrets, disclosure or photographing of which incurs severe prison penalties. Frankly, I do not know anything about them, and did not try to find out.

The locations of some of these guns, however, are not at all as secret as they should be, or as the military authorities would like them to be. It is obvious that the construction of concrete emplacements for big guns, which in some instances took months, the hauling of the materials and the employment of hundreds of workmen, not to mention the transport of the guns themselves, cannot entirely be kept a strict secret from everybody but the military themselves. As I drove over the fine roads through the island which is 27 miles long and 14 miles wide, and all along the shores, my native driver on several occasions pointed to places in the distance, with the remark "big guns." There certainly was not the slightest sign of them visible among rubber forests or coconut-palm groves.

AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE EASTERN SEAS: A busy scene at Singapore showing rickshaw boys in the foreground and vessels thronging the harbour

America's great naval base in the mid-Pacific at Pearl Harbour near Honolulu may be stronger in its fortifications, in the number of big guns, more particularly in its air force strength of 220 war-planes as against our meagre thirty-six at the present time, permanently based at Singapore, but I know of no other naval base so admirably provided by nature with such advantageous natural defence positions against sea-borne attacks as Singapore.

Beginning opposite both entrances to Johore Strait, east and west, and extending in a semi-circle around Singapore Island, there is an astounding aggregation of islands separated by a labyrinth of narrow channels, with lairs for submarines, and easily mined against an enemy fleet. Not a few of these islands have concealed batteries. The entire area is charted and plotted in range-squares. All that the fire-control officers in the fortifications need know is that the enemy ship is in square No. so-and-so. The exact range of each square is on the charts of the fire-control. The guns are quickly set to that range.

A number of small islands belonging to Holland's Dutch East Indies are on the very doorstep of Singapore. They are almost at the edge of the harbour. I can see them from my window in the Raffles Hotel. On one of them there are the tanks of the Standard Oil Companies of California and New Jersey which go under Dutch names here, and of the Shell-Mex Company. On this particular island is the main ship refuelling and oil trans-shipping station. That Britain could not and would not permit that any of these islands be occupied by an unfriendly Power is obvious.

The Air Defence, as far as concerns bomber and fighter squadrons, is doubtless the weakest point of the new naval base. But from my talks with Air Vice-Marshal A. W. Tedder, the air officer commanding the Royal Air Force in the Far East, and with Squadron-Leader F. Woolley, Royal Air Force Intelligence Officer, it can be said that this "weakness" is a temporary feature of the base.

There are three or four Royal Air Force aerodromes on Singapore Island. The main aerodrome is at Seletar, some miles westward of the naval base itself. Up to the time of the combined land, sea, and air manœuvres early in February, only four squadrons, that is, thirty-six planes, were based here. The air strength of the naval base is to be increased as the air programme in England develops, and as circumstances may call for.

The arrival of immense packing cases and crates obviously containing fuselages, indicated that new machines, either to replace old ones, or to add numbers, were already arriving. It was explained that the strategy of the R.A.F. staff in England provides that squadrons from India and Iraq can be rushed to Singapore, should circumstances demand it.

There is no doubt however, that in the event of serious complications in the Mediterranean or elsewhere in Europe, the Singapore naval base might find itself rather isolated, and weak in aircraft and naval units. Its natural strategic position and tremendous strength in big guns and fortifications, it is argued in military circles, would up to a certain extent compensate for any weakness in those arms.

Military headquarters of the Singapore Command is at Fort Canning, beautifully located amidst palms, rubber trees, and flower gardens on a hill just outside the city of Singapore. It was there that I put the question to General Dobbie—"is the Singapore naval base with its fortifications impregnable?"

"I cannot answer that question, nor can anyone else," replied the man responsible for the defence of Singapore in case of attack. "I do not know, and cannot know, what the circumstances might be. I will say that Singapore is, indeed, very strong. An enemy might 'borrow' a base of operation nearby. The Germans did that in Belgium. We know with what result."

Major-General Dobbie is intensely proud to be General-Officer-in-Command of the great new fortress of Singapore as well as of all the defences of Malaya.

That the possibility of an enemy force landing on the coast of Malaya to the north, in the event of war, is being envisaged, is reflected by the building of fortifications at Penang, and gun emplacements at a number of other points on the coast.

The moral effect of the completion of the main works of the Singapore naval base and fortifications has been much remarked. Morale of whites, Malaysians, Indians, and Chinese has been strengthened; confidence renewed, and influence for the maintenance of peace in this corner of the world increased.

THE EMPIRE'S YOUNGEST MILITARY UNIT: The band of the newly-raised Malay Regiment parading at Singapore during the period of the recent manœuvres which preceded the opening of the naval base. In the exercises the regiment defended the Beting Kusa shore

(A further article from Lady Drummond-Hay will appear in next week's issue of "The Sphere.")

THE ART GALLERY OF THE CHÂTEAU D'EU: Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and other guests of King Louis Philippe of France inspecting a picture by Poussin. A record of Her Majesty's visit to France in 1843 painted by Tony Johannot and reproduced in "Victorian Water-colours at Windsor Castle," a magnificent volume edited by Randall Davies and lately published by Country Life, Limited. Further illustrations from the book appear herewith

VICTORIAN HISTORY

Recorded in the Magnificent and Hitherto Unpublished Treasure Trove of Water-Colours at Windsor Castle

ONE of the most fascinating books that has come from the press for a long while and ıe which will interest alike the student of art and .e student of history is *Victorian Water-colours : Windsor Castle*, edited by Randall Davies. :ountry Life, Ltd. · 21s.).

Mr. Davies, who was allowed to range at will .rough the royal albums of water-colours at 'indsor, "tapping a hitherto completely ne-'ected stratum," has gathered together in this lume outstanding pictures of the great Queen's :gn, none of which, it may be noted, has ever fore been reproduced or even exhibited in .s country.

Queen Victoria's additions to the collection of .wings made by her ancestors are of particular portance just now in view of the fact that her :gn is coming so searchingly under review, and, though in the fullest sense, the pictures are not masterpieces, many of them reveal a high standard of craftsmanship and as historical records are, of course, unsurpassed.

The collection is made all the more valuable through the fact that both Louis Philippe, in 1843, and Louis Napoleon, in 1855, presented the Queen with albums recording in water-colours the chief episodes of her visits, and some of these, it will be noted, are reproduced on this and the following page. The Louis Philippe album would, indeed, be well worth reproducing as a separate volume, for the artists who depicted the Queen's stay at the Château d'Eu in 1843 "played up splendidly."

Neither were the journalists behindhand, from the most serious to the most flippant, and in the latter category Mr. Davies quotes the

LOUIS PHILIPPE AT WINDSOR, 1844: The King of the French being received by Queen Victoria. A painting by Joseph Nash, a water-colourist extensively patronised by Royalty and several examples of whose work appear in the albums at Windsor which have now been edited by Randall Davies and collated into book form for the first time

"SALON DE FAMILLE, CHÂTEAU D'EU, 1843": Eugene Lami painted this picture to commemorate the visit of Queen Victoria to the court of Louis Philippe, and the King afterwards presented it to Her Majesty in an album containing numerous other water-colours dealing with the same theme. The figures are drawn with a felicitous and dainty realism that breathes the atmosphere of the age

following poem by Gilbert Abbott a' Beckett from his work *The Royal Trip to France*.

"Prince Albert is a famous Prince, of honour and renown:

The worthy husband eke is he of one who wears a crown.

Prince Albert's spouse said to her dear, 'Though wedded we have been

Three years and something more, yet we no holiday have seen.

The royal yacht is under weigh, it does not want repair;

Louis Phillipe's at Château d' Eu, suppose we join him there.

Mamma and Lady Lyttleton will mind the children three;

So in a ship let's take a trip to France across the sea':

The Prince replied, 'I do obey of womankind but one;

Though I'm your husband, you're my Queen; therefore it must be done.'"

A more serious description of the royal visit is also quoted, dealing, this time, with the arrival in Treport. "The Queen," it reads, "went on shore with His Majesty in his barge, and we followed in the Queen's; and when we landed we found the Queen and Prince

(Continued on next page)

VICTORIAN HISTORY: *More Royal Water-colours*

"STATE BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1848": A striking picture by Eugene Lami from the treasure trove of Victorian water-colours at Windsor Castle which gives such a wonderful glimpse of court life of the period

"BALL AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS"; Marc Louis Vautier's impression of the magnificent scene in the French capital in 1855, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were entertained by the municipality. The future Edward VII waltzed with enthuasiasm, it is recorded, with a young lady whose name did not transpire. Both this scene and the one on the left are details from large compositions

(*Continued from previous page*)

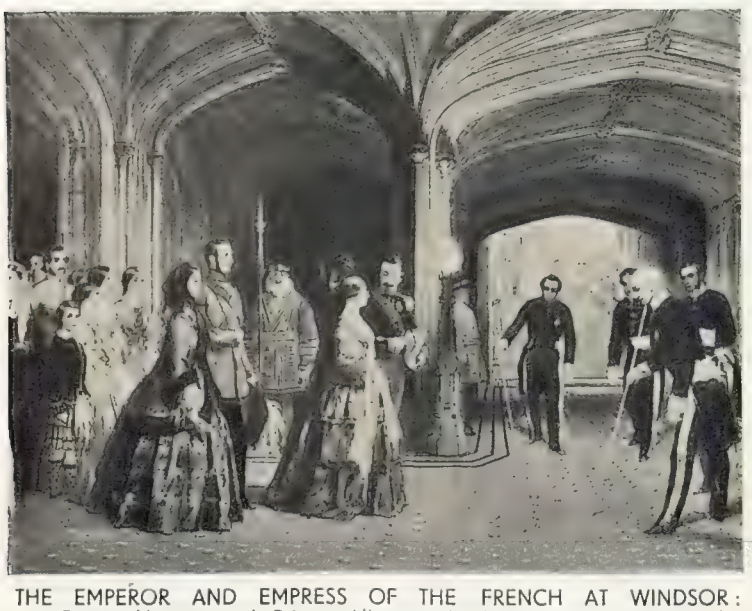
and the whole French Royal Family, under a large canopy close to the shore. There were present Louis Philippe, Queen Marie Amelie, the Queen of the Belgians, Madame Adelaide, the King's old sister, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, the poor Duchess of Orleans, Prince and Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, and the rest of the suite.

Poetry figures largely in Mr. Davies's book, for it was a great era of waggish doggerel, and the following are some verses apposite to the picture reproduced in the bottom right hand corner of this page. It would seem that even half a century and more ago hordes of sightseers descended on Balmoral on Sundays eager to catch a glimpse of their Sovereign and, in the effort, caring not what religious susceptibilities they might upset.

> "The courtly newsman's pen
> Has never now to rise above the level
> Of commonplace particulars, save when
> Victoria in her Highland home holds revel.
> And dances with her Scotch dependants there
> As though she'd learnt the castanets at Seville—
> Not that with such vivacity we'd quarrel
> But why does she confine it to Balmoral?
> And make the Crathie Church a raree-show
> To which the enterprising landlords run
> Post-chaises, omnibuses, to and fro
> Crowded with tourists eager for the fun
> Of scrambling for the places whence they know
> A good view of their Sovereign may be won.
> It can on no pretence be right and proper a
> House of God should be 'Her Majesty's Opera!'"

This book is full of good things and gives an impression of the pomp and pageantry of court life, and its sly humours too, that could not better be conveyed in any other medium. It is a volume to have and to hold on to.

"PERFORMANCE OF 'MACBETH' AT WINDSOR, 1853": A record by Louis Haghe of a notable production by Charles Kean, whose wife took the part of Lady Macbeth. The Queen and the Prince Consort are easily recognisable, but a little research would reveal many other distinguished personages



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AT WINDSOR: Queen Victoria and Prince Albert with their royal guests on the occasion of their visit in 1855, an event that caused enthusiasm on both sides of the Channel. The water-colour is by George Housman Thomas

"CRATHIE CHURCH, 1882"—BY WILLIAM SIMPSON: This picture from the Windsor albums provides an interesting record of Victorian church-going. It seems that even then Crathie was the Mecca of sightseers, and a contemporary wag wrote: "It can on no pretence be right and proper a House of God should be 'Her Majesty's Opera!'"

A dramatic picture of the Mayo composite aircraft, consisting of the flying boat, *Maia* (the lower component or launching platform) and the seaplane, *Mercury* (the upper component) flying locked together above Rochester Cathedral and Gundulph's Castle last week when carrying out their separation trials. The main purpose underlying the design is to make it possible for the *Mercury* to get into the air with fuel sufficient for very long range flights

MERCURY AND MAIA
Fly Together Over Rochester

An instantaneous camera impression taken from a plane flying alongside as the seaplane, *Mercury*, took off from its launching platform on the wings of the flying boat, *Maia*, when the two were flying at a height of 800 ft. above Rochester and were travelling at 140 m.p.h. The separation was perfectly smooth and decisive, and at the moment of release it was noted that while *Mercury* shot vertically several feet, *Maia*, trimmed by design slightly nose-heavy, dipped away from her

SEPARATING IN MID-AIR
Mercury and Maia Part Company

MASTERS *of* MARITIME ART

A Third Loan Exhibition of Drawings and Paintings From the Ingram Collection to Aid King George's Fund for Sailors

THE CAULKING OF "HET WAPEN VAN AMSTERDAM": This pen and wash drawing by Zeeman (c.1623–1673) shows men at work stopping up the seams of a man-of-war, and on the left can be seen smoke rising from the boiling pitch used in the work. The picture comes from the collection of Captain Bruce Ingram, and is on view at the Colnaghi Galleries at 144, 145, 146, New Bond Street, W. 1, where a third loan exhibition of maritime drawings and paintings is now being held to aid that most deserving of charities, King George's Fund for Sailors

"THE BATTLE OF THE SAINTS": A dramatic picture by Nicholas Pocock (1741-1821) depicting the action between Rodney and the French Admiral de Grasse in the West Indies on April 12, 1782, when the English commander found two gaps in the French line, sailed through them, and quickly routed the formidable opposition. Rodney, however, elated at the capture of the *Ville de Paris*, De Grasse's flagship, failed to follow up his success. Hood's opinion was that at least twenty ships would have surrendered, and later wrote, "Surely there never was an instance before of a great fleet being so completely beaten and routed, and not pursued." The action took place near Saintes Passage off Dominica

On left—THE CITY OF THE DOGES IN MID-SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: "Venice looking towards the molo from the Dogana Point." A pen and wash drawing by Abraham Storck (c.1635–1704)

THE ART OF WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER: The *Cleveland*, one of the favourite yachts of Charles II and named after his notorious paramour Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, racing another yacht in a choppy sea. This is one of the twenty-six oil paintings which have been included in the present exhibition of drawings and paintings from Captain Bruce Ingram's collection, and represents the work of a seventeenth-century craftsman who stands pre-eminent in the world of maritime art

"A SQUALLY DAY IN A DUTCH ESTUARY" by Simon de Vlieger (c.1600 1653). A detail showing a sailing barge in a boisterous sea. De Vlieger taught William van de Velde the Younger

HUMBLE FISHING BOATS AND STATELY YACHTS as depicted by William Van de Velde the Younger. The picture *on the left* shows an effect of moonlight and, as such is unique in the artist's work. That *on the right* shows a large three-masted yacht saluting, and a smaller vessel in the distance. The painting was done when the artist was seventy-four years of age and was one of his last works. Up to the end of his long career this talented craftsman never lost his powers

IN the days of Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, and Venetian domination the Mediterranean was the focal point of the known world and, as such, was its cockpit. From far off Salamis, where the Athenians and Aeginetans checked the power of Persia, to Lepanto, in medieval days, where Don John of Austria and the fleets of the Holy League smote the Turks and for ever ended their naval aggression, the Middle Sea was the scene of ceaseless strife, while the early years of the nineteenth century saw Napoleonic France and Britain joining issue in the old titanic vein. Now in this year of grace, though horizons are wider, the Mediterranean still maintains its pristine notoriety, and at the moment the eyes of all the world are focused upon it as never before as statesmen face the problem of achieving lasting appeasement there. From Gibraltar to Jaffa, from Genoa to the Tunisian Gulf of Gabes, rival interests are at stake, most of them known only too well to even the humblest follower of international politics. Piracy, that disastrous offshoot of the Spanish civil war, is at any rate in abeyance, thanks to the naval patrol of the signatories to the Nyon agreement, but this is only one bright spot in a situation fraught with delicate issues. An aspect of the Mediterranean problem that has not up till now received full attention is the trend of events in Corsica, and many will read with interest Ferdinand Tuohy's article on the subject on page 368 of this issue. The accompanying picture, showing a British destroyer leaving to take part in the international patrol, was taken recently at Gibraltar and evidences Britain's activity in keeping down piracy under the Nyon terms. At the moment there is a great concentration of warships at Gibraltar, H.M.S. *Nelson* and other battleships of the Home Fleet having returned there after short independent cruises. The second part of the spring cruise begins on March 7, when the Home and Mediterranean Fleets will carry out combined exercises.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN'S THRESHOLD: The lighthouse at Gibraltar, guardian of shipping as it passes through the narrow straits into the uneasy waters of the Middle Sea, where so much of political moment is on foot

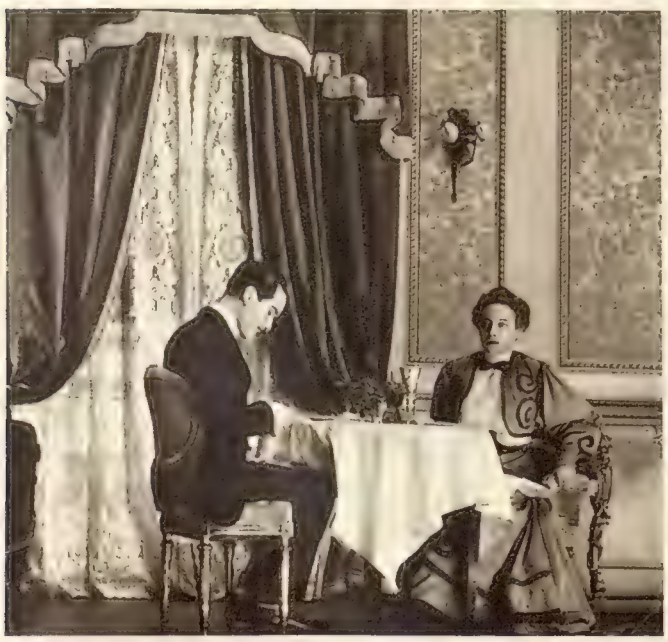
ALL EYES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

A British Destroyer Leaving Gibraltar to Take Part in the Anti-Piracy Patrol : One Aspect of the Mighty Problem in the Middle Sea

"SINK AT SIGHT" THEIR ORDERS: A British destroyer flotilla proceeding through heavy seas on anti-piracy patrol in the Mediterranean where any submarine found submerged or behaving suspiciously on or near a trade route is liable to be destroyed by the British and French warships without warning. This is a result of the forceful measures agreed upon at Nyon

"DEAREST LOVE": Rozanne (Peggy Wood) sings this refrain at her first meeting with Nigel Vaynham (Griffith Jones), the aristocratic young army officer, and thus begins the romance that is the story of *Operette*, Noel Coward's latest musical play in which he once again essays romance set in melody, embellished by satire from the era of Edwardian hansom cabs, feminine bustles, and stilted conventions. The show has been having a trial run in Manchester

THE PLAY WITHIN A PLAY is a feature of Noel Coward's latest musical show, and here we see Peggy Wood leading the chorus on the stage within the stage. On the first night at Manchester the audience was inclined to be a trifle puzzled to begin with



THE PARTING: Nigel (Griffith Jones) and Rozanne (Peggy Wood) face the fact that if they marry he must resign his army commission, and end by agreeing to part at any rate for five years. This somewhat remote prospect of happiness ahead enables Noel Coward to avoid a commonplace "happy ending" to *Operette*

DRAMA

Granted that the task of the man who made the adaptation was vastly difficult; granted, even, that no other method was possible; none the less, presentation of numerous dramatic snippets labelled as a play has never been satisfactory yet and probably never will be. In this case the problem has been solved very fairly well; but with all its merits the defects of *Dodsworth* come dangerously near outweighing them for the above reason and for that reason alone. As soon as one grew interested in a scene and the players began to get their teeth into it, there came a "black-out," and interest had to be whipped up all over again.

This was true mainly of Acts II and III, for in Act I there was hardly any interest at all. It was possible to gather that Sam Dodsworth, the decent, rather stodgy, middle-aged American business man from Zenith (with a long e) had sold his business for plenty of dollars and was setting out with his pretty but rather fading wife on his first trip to Europe. The drama never moved, however, and as a prelude this was, though necessary, dull. The gradual estrangement of the pair, due to the wife's vanity, both moved and was moving, and the play ended in far better fashion than it began, which is as it should be.

That it was difficult to feel all the sympathy one should with Sam Dodsworth the moment his wife told another man that Sam had never made her "feel like a bride" is a fault for which Mr. Sinclair Lewis is himself responsible. The result of the remark was that one saw the point of view of the wife and failed to appreciate to the full that she was the odious, selfish, snobbish creature the author obviously intended her to be. For it is the business of bridegrooms to make brides feel bridal.

Miss Gladys Cooper gave a brilliant performance of an essentially worthless woman clinging to the remains of her beauty (though there was no indication of such "remains" in the visual Miss Cooper, who looked as radiantly lovely as she did twenty years ago) and she showed hard shallowness relentlessly. She much more resembled an Englishwoman who had never visited America than an American woman who had never visited England, but was probably wise not to attempt any accent other than her own.

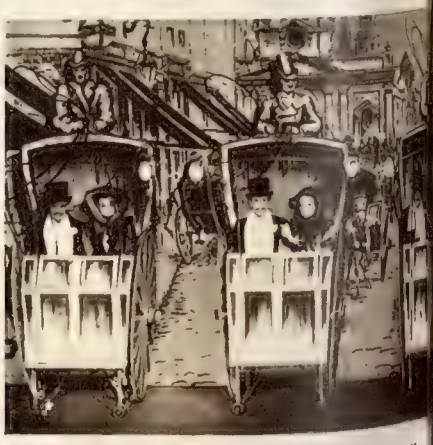
Mr. Philip Merivale's Dodsworth was always interesting and always attractive—perhaps too attractive for the worthy stolidity of the character. There was nothing very romantic about Sam, but Mr. Merivale was a positive Sir Galahad. Yet Sam had, it will be remembered, his romance and most charmingly did Miss Nora Swinburne minister to it. Mr. George Curzon as a polished philanderer, Miss Henrietta Watson as an elderly Austrian baroness (in the best scene of all), and Mr. James Craven, particularly good as a well-bred young Englishman who behaved to Mrs. Dodsworth in a suite at the Ritz as well-bred and also ill-bred young Englishmen are apt to behave to pretty married women in far less fashionable spots, stood out among the battalion of clever players who are helping to pilot this mammoth ship, *Dodsworth*, safely, I hope, to port.

"Land's End."—The new play, *Land's End*, at the Westminster Theatre, is not such a good play as its predecessor, *Volpone*. But then, precious few plays which have been produced since 1605 (the date of *Volpone*), have been as good as Ben Jonson's terrific comedy. That all London did not flock to the comfortable Westminster for a year instead of only a small portion of London for a month I find almost incredible. For *Volpone*, produced as it was for this revival, to perfection and with such actors as Mr. Donald Wolfit and Mr. Alan Wheatley in the two chief parts, was a rare joy.

I speak not as a highbrow. I am not a highbrow. Nor, for that matter was Ben Jonson

THE printed programme at the Palace Theatre just now is a formidable affair. The characters are listed "in order of their appearance" and there are no fewer than sixty-one of them. A few are in large type: the rest in type that is not so large. Some actors and some actresses, it is true, play more than one part. One actress, Miss Rosalie Corneille, appears in large type when she is playing "a secretary" and in small type when playing "2nd German passenger," since, it seems even 1st German passengers are less important than secretaries. Mr. Gerald Pring, whom I have seen play large parts elsewhere, here plays three small ones, all three in small type—"ship superintendent," "2nd steward" and "baggage man". For all that, the cast is a large one. And there are three acts, split up into fourteen scenes, some of them extremely elaborate.

From which it may be gathered that the play *Dodsworth* has been most expensive to produce and that the endeavour to rival the popular and successful film version of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novel and, if possible, to go one better, has cost a deal of money—a minute fraction, of course, of what the film must have cost, but still, a deal of money. Now film expenditure and play expenditure are difficult to compare, nor is it my province to compare them. But to compare film treatment and play treatment of the same story is legitimate. This play is not, I imagine, a dramatic version of the film but of the book which is the common source of both. Yet its outstanding fault is that, consciously or no, it is rather like a film and that it seems to be attempting to do what the film can do so easily but what a playwright can hardly ever do without coming to grief—that is to present a long series of short scenes instead of a short series of long ones.



THE LONDON OF 1906: A row of hansom the Strand as a background, provide a ambitious production embracing elaborate flair for judicious casting, as witness the *vis*, and his highly mature sense of satire

Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth" Appears as a Play with Giant Cast and Many Scenes at the Palace: "Land's End," a Triangular Drama with a Novel Twist, Succeeds "Volpone" at the Westminster

By PHILIP PAGE

a highbrow. But it is more than possible that many chose not to visit *Volpone* because they imagined that any play over 300 years old must necessarily be for stuffy intellectuals, and bought seats for the latest farce, musical comedy, or revue instead. That was indeed their loss. There is more humour—and modern in flavour at that—in this amazing play than in all the farces, musical comedies, and revues London has seen in the past fifty years—if humour is all they are after. If they want dramatic power, subtle irony, and superb poetry in addition (which is doubtful) all this was there for them.

After this *post mortem* on *Volpone*—which is no *post mortem* since the play is a living force and revival will succeed revival as surely as the night the day—let us take the longish journey to *Land's End*. This is a triangular melodrama with a new twist to it. An explorer, told that his wife is unfaithful, drops his exploring for a while in order to do a bit of savage vengeance instead, for he is that sort of man. He is stupid and rough and not even a diamond. The lover is smooth and sympathetic and intelligent. Husband challenges lover to duel. Lover, from some noble sense of duty I am quite unable to fathom, deliberately shoots to miss. Husband is about to shoot to kill when the wife, struck with the same idea so far as he is concerned, shoots and does kill. There is a daughter who, not unnaturally, being more fond of her father than of her mother's lover, does not wish the affair to be hushed up and is intent on summoning the police. She is dissuaded for sundry reasons, good and bad, and that is all.

Since the object of a melodrama is to provide action and excitement, *Land's End* justifies itself. It is an entertaining play of its type, not particularly well written, and with faults of construction. With the exception of the daughter, convincingly played by Miss Mary Macowan, the characters are little more than stock characters speaking so many lines for the development of the story. Stage explorers who come home suddenly I have always found rather hard to swallow. This one had been messing about in Central Africa where, presumably, there must be territory left to explore, though I doubt it. Mr. Cecil Trouncer is a good actor, but his Galbraith—yes, I suppose there are people called Galbraith—had no real life in him even before he was murdered. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Alan Napier played the wife and the lover with the right degree of quiet intensity.

"Surprise Item."—A famous music-hall comedian used on occasion to think of a funny idea in the afternoon, to rehearse a sketch founded on it with his little company between the "first house" and the "second house," play it at the latter, and get away with it.

Mr. Cyrus Brooks has not, of course, been so swift and slap-dash with his play, *Surprise Item*. For aught I know, it may have taken him years to write. But it gives the impression of having been made up by the actors like some charade and of being played impromptu or after hurried little conferences in the intervals. Like some charades, too (though not many), it is quite good fun, even if it is difficult sometimes to gather what the author is driving at—beyond the provision of Mr. Marius Goring with a comedy part instead of a neurotic one.

Sadists and murderers and their victims, among whom this clever young actor has spent a considerable part of his theatrical career, are not particularly amusing folk and it was a relief to find Mr. Goring at last separating himself from gore for a while. In doing so he has taken on a Dorset accent and the moment he bobbed up from beneath the counter of a radio shop and began talking in those rustic tones it was obvious that he was going to be lovable, to kill no one, and to escape death himself. On the stage, however, they have to be good sorts, and in this case heroic. For a foreign princess came into that radio shop, chose a £10 set and Mr. Goring and took the latter out to dinner at the Berkeley. This she did, not because she loved Mr. Goring but because it enabled her to divert suspicion from a real prince whom he was alleged to resemble. It also enabled Mr. Goring to spend the greater part of the second act wrestling not only with his first Dorset accent but his first dress suit. In the following scene Mr. Charles Maunsell's accent as a B.B.C. official was even more amusing—a devastating caricature this of the polite sibilance of the southern end of Portland Place. The same scene contained the most diverting incident of all—an utterly irrelevant yet indispensable impersonation of an animal impersonator by Mr. Glyn-Jones.

From which it may be gathered, and correctly, that for all its oddity and irrelevance and Ruritanian nonsensicality, *Surprise Item* is a play—if it can be called a play—well worth seeing. Miss Valerie Taylor had no need to call on her store of Tchehovian subtlety, and played the princess with straightforward allure. It struck me that if one of these nights someone were to compose a musical number or two in the interval and try them out in, say, the last act things would be even better.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN GARRISON LIFE: Two episodes from Merton Hodge's new play, *The Island*, at the Comedy which gives an interesting if possibly exaggerated study of the doings of professional soldiers. *Left*—Lieut. Ashley (Geoffrey Edwards), the "army misfit," has to be restrained by Major Willis. *Above*—The enigmatic Willis (Godfrey Tearle) loses his reserve and tells his woes to the wife (Sarah Erskine) of one of the junior officers

MOTHER KNOWS BEST is the comedy theme of *Mary Goes to See* at the Haymarket Theatre, and it is Shirley Davis (Carla Lehmann) and Stephen (Barry Jones), depicted above, who have to pander to her whims until Mary, in the person of Marie Tempest, arrives to rescue them from their domestic ordeal

OEDIPUS TOUCH: Another scene from *Mary Goes to See*. The dominating mother (Gladys Hanson), forces her son (Thorley Walters) to compose her public speeches on "uplift." Gladys Hanson's acting is first rate

cabs with their fair and gallant occupants, and striking prologue to Noel Coward's *Operette*, an elements of scene and costume. Mr. Coward's choice of Griffith Jones as Peggy Wood's *vis-à-* have done much to ensure the success of the piece

COMEDY AT THE APOLLO: Richard Bird and Marjorie Stewart give a good account of themselves in *Black Swans*, the new play by Geoffrey Kerr. It is light entertainment of the domestic variety, but full of good dialogue and amusing situations

THE MORNING MIST: A new camera study by Joan Lyne expressing the eerie beauty of the countryside as day breaks and the fitful March sun attempts to gain the mastery. Meanwhile the trees stand ghostlike against the murky background

"AT THE HEAD OF FLORA'S DANCE": The woodlands of Mons Hill, on the Earl of Rosebery's estate at Dalmeny, South Queensferry, are now thickly carpeted with a gorgeous array of snowdrops in full bloom

NATURE AWAKES

While March Pursues Her Boisterous Way

THEY "COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES AND TAKE THE WINDS OF MARCH WITH BEAUTY": The first daffodils blooming in a Herefordshire wood. An unusual sight in the Midlands so early in the year

FORD V-8 FOR 1938

The Ford V-8 "22" is Britain's outstanding product among multi-cylinder luxury-cars for motorists who, seeking quality, at the same time appreciate economy, in purchase, running and maintenance. Performance, comfort, equipment and finish of the very best . . . Distinction without extravagance; elegance without expense . . . This Ford V-8 "22" is produced by an organisation of unique experience and unequalled engineering resources. Catalogue on Application, or from Ford Dealers Throughout the British Isles. Completely Equipped Ford V-8 Saloons from £240, at Works

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX · LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Enjoy Wills's Gold Flake

The Man's Cigarette that Women like

Film Notes

"SNOW WHITE" COMES TO TOWN

And Other Films of the Moment Specially Catering for the Juvenile Appelite

SNOW White and the Seven Dwarfs, Walt Disney's much-discussed full-length reel which took three years to make, has just started its run at the New Gallery, where it is expected to remain for many weeks to come. In New York it passed all records in the Radio City Music Hall, making £65,000 in three weeks.

The censor's decision that the picture should not be seen by children without adults, has surprised many people who are amused at the idea that a fairy story can be treated in any way unsuitable for the child mind. They apparently forget that the eye registers an impression much more vividly and for a longer period than something read, which requires personal imagination to fill out.

A witch may mean merely a queer old woman to the reader, but seeing her in horrible guise upon the stage is liable to cause bad dreams at night, and the responsibility for a sensitive child's seeing anything macabre should rest with its parents. Some children apparently can see unpleasant things without ill effects, but others, even though sometimes pretending callousness, are affected, and shadows in the nursery can become horrific.

County Councils are free to give their own permissions for children, and several have already done so, being prepared to take such risks to the juvenile mind, which they possibly think negligible under the laughter-provoking hand of Mr. Walt Disney. Yet there will remain a strong minority who consider that the censor was justified in putting out a warning note. Walt Disney has not transformed his methods in this full-length film. With the exception of Snow White, who appears as a little maiden with a child's voice, all the characters are as odd and far from the realistic as the famous Mickey.

BOOKED FOR STARDOM: Attractive Andrea Leeds who will shortly be seen at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in *The Goldwyn Follies*, a lavish Technicolor production

Stories about children, having the simple adventures possible to young folks, are the safest films for children to see alone. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, with Shirley Temple as the gay little heroine, should appeal to all the small girls, while *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* will be a special delight to boys. These stories, both classics of their kind, should meet with general approval from censor, box-office, and children.

A great search was made for a boy who would represent the perfect type of American lad, the final choice falling upon Tommy Kelly. Talking of child stars one hears that Freddie Bartholomew is booked for the parts of Kim in Rudyard Kipling's famous story of British India, and of David Balfour in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. For neither of these characters does he seem naturally fitted, one being of a boy brought up among the natives of India, and the other a rugged young Lowland Scot—it will be a very clever piece of acting and direction if Freddie, so excellent as the youthful David Copperfield, can satisfy English audiences who know the books well.

The next of the great spectacle shows announced is *In Old Chicago* due to appear at the Tivoli on March 10. According to reports from America it is a "smash hit," the "crowning achievement of Lanuck's brilliant career," and "guaranteed to grip the attention of any audience." If *The Hurricane* stunned us with a storm, and *San Francisco* with an earthquake, this epic drama of *In Old Chicago* will excite us with a colossal fire, picturing the disaster which destroyed Chicago in 1871. While Mrs. O'Leary was away from her home, her cow kicked over an oil lamp setting the barn alight and starting a fire which spread so rapidly that nothing could stop it. Swept by a tornado the flames leaped rivers, and the conflagration only ceased when the whole city was destroyed. A good story, concerning Mrs. O'Leary (played by Alice Brady) and her two sons played by Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, with Alice Faye as a music-hall singer, culminates in the tremendous finale of the fire.

B. H.

HOLLYWOOD FRILLS AND FURBELOWS: Shirley Ross wears this magnificent dress in Paramount's *The Big Broadcast of 1938*, which made its London debut at the Plaza Cinema on February 25. The film is a curious mixture of naivete and sophistication, combining at least two unbelievable elements in the persons of W. C. Fields, the comedian, and Kirsten Flagstad, the renowned operatic soprano. It is entertainment of the lightest possible kind, but for those who like lavish spectacle it has a definite appeal

VIRTUE REWARDED: Shirley Temple led these boy scouts in a sing-song when she received them in Hollywood as a reward for attaining the distinction of being the first organisation in the United States to subscribe 100 per cent. to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which is waging a most vigorous campaign against the disease throughout America. The boys belong to the 175th Troop, Los Angeles

"FILLE DU PEUPLE": This Russian girl, Nadia Sibirskaia, plays a leading part in *La Marseillaise*, the French patriotic film which has been made with the help of a State subsidy. *On right*—Robert Newton, Dolly Bollinger, and Rosa Cannon who support Charles Laughton in his picture *Vessel of Wrath*

NORFOLK'S SEA INVASION:

A Personal Narrative of the Tragic Influx of the Tide

MAROONED IN A WASTE OF WATERS: A farm building near Horsey, the East Norfolk area where so many rich acres are drowned

HISTORY'S habit of repeating itself is sometimes accompanied by incalculable damage and human distress.

There is a vivid example to-day in East Norfolk.

In the long ago Roman galleys sailed over the site of the present day seaside resort of Great Yarmouth. Passing through the now vanished Sea of Gariens, they took warriors and supplies to the inland base of Burgh Castle.

To-day, only a mile or so to the north of the old sea, there is a vast new sea. It was created in the space of a few hours, and its birth made headlines all over the world. In its centre lies an almost deserted island. Two weeks ago it was the picturesque village of Horsey, hub of a fertile area in which wheat fields formed a placid patchwork with grazing marshes. Shortly after darkness had fallen on the night of February 12 the 150 villagers were sitting by their firesides after the day's toil when a faint liquid whispering made itself heard above the howl of the north wind. It was the North Sea knocking at their gates.

MILK FLOAT! On the roof of this car Roy Randall, a young milkman, was marooned for 18 hrs. after the tide had broken down the coast-defending sand dunes and come flooding in across the low-lying land

A short distance away where a line of sand-hills had for half-a-century protected the area from the menace of the waves, the sea, bolstered by the combination of a high tide and an 80 m.p.h. gale, had battered a 600-yard gap in the lowest part of the barrier, which at its highest point reached to about 12 ft. Surging over marshes, fields, and roadways at terrifying speed it cut off farmhouses and swiftly poured into the lower parts of the village.

As the black-surfaced water licked at home after home, men ran through the darkness to see to their possessions—some to the stables, some to cow-sheds, others to pigs and chickens. From doors and windows women gaped unbelievingly at the sinister tide, their children pressing excitedly behind them. Whole families were compelled to take to upper floors.

In the village inn Mr. J. R. Bensley was waiting to take the village darts team in his coach to a match in a neighbouring village. As he wondered what had delayed the players hurried footsteps sounded in the street outside. The door swung open and white-faced villagers rushed in. "The sea is in our houses," they cried. With time and tide waiting for no man, there commenced a desperate race to evacuate the women and children. A farmer, Mr. E. G. King, hurried to the rescue with his lorries, and these, with the motor coach, plunged through the flood to Waxham, 2 miles away, which proved to be the northern boundary of the flood. One lorry broke down after covering only a few hundred yards, and its terrified passengers were hurriedly transferred to another.

After three successful trips, Mr. Bensley, ignoring the entreaties of his friends, drove back through the ever-rising water because, he said, he had seen headlamps in the flood and feared motorists had been trapped. Within a short time he was trapped himself. His engine spluttered into silence as the tide swirled round it, and he and his companion flashed distress signals with the headlights. For half an hour they clung to the cabin while the water rose. Just as they had slipped into the flood, determined to make a break for safety, help arrived, and they were taken to dry land in a high lorry.

When the last lorry was forced to cease work, about 100 people had been evacuated.

In the first grey light of dawn, the evacuation was resumed by boats, some of which were rushed to the flood in the lorry that had already done such wonderful service.

In the village of Sea Palling good Samaritans took the rescued into their homes.

Among the many dramas which accompanied the birth of the new sea was the ordeal of a young milkman who was marooned on the roof of his car for 18 hrs.

Sweeping inland for 5 miles and inundating nearly 8,000 acres, the sea has caused many thousands of pounds worth of damage. Horses, pigs, and other livestock have been drowned; wheat and other crops have been ravaged as if by a plague of locusts; millions of fresh-water fish have been killed in Hickling Broad, the River Thurne and in the smaller streams, known to anglers all over England; and the fertility of the soil itself has been destroyed by the salt water for, it is estimated, at least three years.

Some thirty villagers strove valiantly to remain in houses and farms on high ground in Horsey. But the sea struck its last telling blow by seeping through the earth into the drinking wells. This necessitated the evacuation not only of the remaining residents but of about 500 horses, cows, and other stock which had escaped the flood.

Calves, pigs, and poultry have been ferried through the flood in boats. Horses and cattle have had to swim for part of the long journey to the mainland.

While this second great evacuation was taking place I reached Horsey after an adventurous journey through 2 miles of flood. My transport was a high farm tumbril, and as—with the water creeping through the floorboards—the driver endeavoured to chart a course along the coast road by following the few inches of hedge-top which still showed in places, I realised something of the terror at night which must have accompanied the desperate journeys of the rescue lorries.

The slightest deviation from the hidden surface of the road would have plunged us into deep "holls" or ditches.

In the silent village a man said to me: "What is the good of our coming back here once we have left. Our livelihood has gone. There will be no live things in this village. I doubt if even the birds will stay. Before all this happened you could hear the sound of cartwheels and cattle, but you won't hear that now because the land has been spoilt. It will be a sort of dead village".

As he spoke the sun glinted on the great new sea. In parts that sea is over 12 ft. deep. I know because the boatman who has taken me over it has told me so, with a significant downward jerk of the thumb. Submerged wire fences, gateways and wreckage—some of it swept in from the sea—threaten all those who venture on it. The average depth, they say, is 4 ft., but none can tell.

Maurice B. Banham

FILLING THE 600-YARD GAP AT HORSEY: Two pictures showing the first layer of sand-bags constructed at the start of the gigantic task of recreating the coastal defences which were recently levelled by the elements, leaving the sea to forge inland unchecked

The FEMININE SPHERE

ON TOP OF THE WORLD: Hollywood star Claudette Colbert seen on the heights above Davos during her winter sports holiday in Switzerland. She is a keen and really quite expert skier and the picture was not posed by an ingenious publicity department

AMERICA'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES—AND FAMILY: Mr. Joseph Patrick Kennedy (left), who has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Robert Worth Bingham, pictured with his wife (extreme right) and his nine children, Patricia (13), John (20), Jean (9), Eunice (16), Robert (12), Kathleen (17), Edward (6), Rosemary (19), and Joseph Jnr. (22). Mr. Kennedy, who has until lately been head of the Maritime Commission, has enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's confidence for some five years past, and his influence in economic affairs in the United States is pronounced

MAKING THE CITY OF SPIRES CHOP-SUEY CONSCIOUS: Two Chinese university undergraduettes selling Chinese canned goods in the shop they have opened at Oxford to help obtain funds for the China relief campaign. Economical housewives are learning that Chinese dishes are most inexpensive, and on Monday it is possible by Chinese methods to place quite a delectable interpretation on what is left over from the Sunday joint

ROYAL BETROTHAL: Princess Eugenie, daughter of Prince George of Greece and cousin of the Duchess of Kent, who has become engaged to Prince Dominique Radziwill, of the ancient Lithuanian dynastic house. The Prince's mother was, before her marriage, the Archduchess Renée of Austria

NUPTIALS, RURAL AND URBAN: Two interesting weddings. *Above*—Miss Battye and Mr. Michael Asquith, elder son of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith, leaving All Saints' Church, Binfield, Berks. *On right*—Mr. Peter Quennell, the writer, and his bride, Miss Joyce Evans, seen at Chelsea Register Office following their marriage. He is the son of the authors of the *History of Everyday Things in England* series

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

AN EPIC OF BOTANY BAY: "THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY BRYANT"

Commander Rawson Tells the Little-Known and Dramatic Story of Her Escape from the Convict Settlement and Her Journey to the East Indies

By VERNON FANE

THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY BRYANT by Commander Geoffrey Rawson (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is indeed a strange story, and a poignant footnote to the celebrations concerning the birth of Australia.

Historically, Botany Bay has been sparsely dealt with, but in this story of harsh justice, hardship, and almost incredible endurance, Commander Rawson has achieved a vivid picture of the colony.

In the year 1786 a pretty Devonshire girl, Mary Braund, was sentenced to seven years transportation for attempting to assist her sweetheart William Bryant to escape from gaol by lending him petticoats. Both were transported to Botany Bay, in different ships, and it was two years before they saw each other again and were duly married while enduring the rigours of the penal settlement. Mary had already borne one child on the long voyage out on the transport *Charlotte*, on which there were eighty-six male and twenty female convicts. Another child christened Emmanuel was born at the settlement, while they were enduring almost incredible privations.

So terrible were their sufferings that they thought and worked for little else but escape. The day came when, with hope borne of desperation, eleven souls including the children set off in a tiny fishing boat for one of the most amazing journeys ever made, a voyage beside which Captain Bligh's famous exploit must pale. They navigated the greater part of the eastern and northern coasts of the Australian continent, and after 3,000 miles of indescribable hardships and adventures, they turned up, all eleven miraculously alive at the very place that Bligh made, Kupang in Timor.

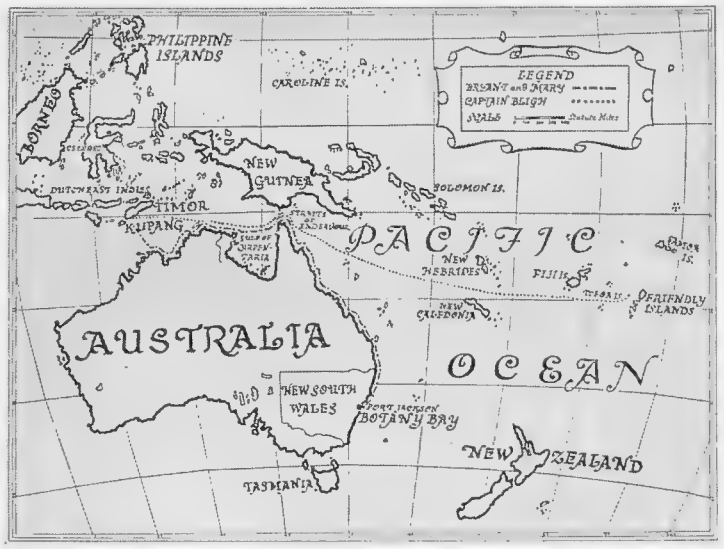
The Dutch settlers received them kindly and their troubles indeed seemed to be at an end. But disaster was to overtake them again in the shape of H.M.S. *Pandora*, whose hard-hearted skipper, Captain Edwards, sailed in to take all eleven prisoner again.

He clapped them aboard another ship but before they reached Batavia Bryant and the boy Emmanuel died. There they were transferred to another floating hell, this time bound for Table Bay, but the company reached there with only six survivors. Mary arrived in England on still another ship but without her other child, Charlotte, who had also succumbed.

In due course she was tried at Newgate, in which prison she and the others lay for nine months, suffering, one can imagine, hardships not incomparable with those of their voyagings. By this time her case had become a *cause célèbre*, and public opinion which had been stirred by the heroism of her story and by the strength and integrity of her character, demanded and secured her release.

The author relates how a "gentleman of high rank" drove to the prison and "took off the poor woman, who almost expired with excess of gratitude."

So ends Commander Rawson's authentic, well documented, well written, and enthralling story of the strange case of Mary Bryant. He will, I hope, forgive the reviewer a footnote. Mary Bryant afterwards settled down and lived to a respectable age in her native Devonshire. She was in receipt of a small pension and was visited from time to time by its donor who, strangely enough, was that parsimonious and garrulous old Scotsman, James Boswell.



THEY BRAVED THE PERILS OF UNCHARTED SEAS: This sketch-map forms the frontispiece of Commander Geoffrey Rawson's book, *The Strange Case of Mary Bryant* (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), which tells the little-known story of the Devonshire girl who, after being transported as a convict to Australia in 1786, succeeded with ten others in making her escape and achieved the incredible feat of sailing from Port Jackson to Kupang in the Dutch East Indies. They were prompted to this bold adventure by the success only a short while before of the even longer voyage made by Captain Bligh, of *Bounty* fame, who also reached Kupang. The map shows the tracks of the two voyages

M. Tikhonov's **THE MOUNTAINS AND THE STARS** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is both in form and substance Russian through and through. The characters have a kind of objective clarity which can only be compared with Maxim Gorki, while the action, at times swift, sudden, and violent, is more often lapped along with obscurity engendered by the Russian's omnipresent brooding sense of destiny.

The story is of two boys who ran away from their farmstead home to join Ungern-Sternberg's Cossack division at the time when that crazy commander was harassing the Red Armies in the wild country of outer Mongolia. Mishka and Petka were little more than children though with more than a dash of Tartar in them. Timofeev, the Cossack warrior, was to them ancient enough to be grandfather. "'Well, what do you think of that? Here's a boy no bigger than your thumb and he says he wants to be a soldier.' 'That's so, grandfather,' said Mishka, who had read Timofeev's thoughts, 'I can shoot and ride a horse —that's all a soldier does and I can do both!' Timofeev clapped his sides. When he laughed the wind coming up the river blew his beard into his mouth."

So, through the adventures of these two boys, is told the story of forced marches, of burnings, sacking, and pillagings, of the animal-like ferocity of the amazing Ungern-Sternberg, who disciplined his troops by making their officers walk for miles before a mounted column, ordered them to jump into icy rivers or forced them, stripped naked, out into icy wastes; who yet was followed blindly and faithfully into the inevitable disaster of the siege of Urga. Yet these were nothing to the horrors Ungern-Sternberg visited upon his enemies.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PUTNAM. — PLANTS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR. By Thomas Hay. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. WERNER LAURIE.—TALES OF PASSION. By Guy de Maupassant. 7s. 6d. TAWNY. By Donald Henderson Clarke. 7s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—AFTER BIG GAME IN THE UPPER YUKON. By Nevill A. D. Armstrong. Illustrated. 18s. METHUEN.—MACNAB: The Last Laird. By Roland Wild. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. NELSON.—KNAVES RAMPANT. By Woosman Mills. 7s. 6d. NICHOLSON & WATSON. SEARCH FOR TO-MORROW. By Rom Landau. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SKEFFINGTON. THE PEAR-TREE. By William Hewlett. 7s. 6d. HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE. — REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL AVIATION, 1936. 5s. WARD LOCK.—THE FORTUNES OF FLYNN. By E. Laurie Long. 7s. 6d. PRISCILLA GOES ASTRAY. By W. H. Lane Crawford. 7s. 6d. WATTS.—POPULAR PSYCHOLOGICAL FALLACIES. By James G. Taylor. 7s. 6d. WILLIAMS & NORGATE.—WINE-DARK SEAS. By Eric Wharton. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

What is remarkable about this novel is that through all the bewildering and terrific happenings the boys lose nothing of their childish and objective serenity, and their human relationships are handled with a tenderness that softens the narrative with their easy acceptance and wide-eyed presence. There is beauty too, real beauty, in the natural descriptions of a country still romantic to English eyes. Nor have I read a more convincing piece of military description than this author's long account of the capture of Urga.

With his very first book Mr. Louis Bromfield proved himself a good novelist. It is now nearly ten years since his *Twenty-Four Hours* was published, and his succeeding novels have all had the same competence, which only once showed signs of degenerating into mere slickness.

Now, with his new book, he has performed what is a kind of writer's miracle. By writing, not only a far more brilliant book than he has ever achieved before, but a far more mature, far more developed piece of work, he has lifted himself into a different class altogether and to a really worthy place in contemporary letters.

THE RAINS CAME (Cassell. 8s. 6d.) is a novel of India, and since, in our language, the finest novels in this tradition have so far been written by Englishmen, it is all the more stimulating to find one that breaks the pattern and yet retains the same high level of performance.

Ranchipur, the native State of which Mr. Bromfield writes, is, at the opening of his story, existing peacefully under the enlightened rule of the old Maharajah and his wise, cynical wife. There have been many reforms made under their leadership; a well-equipped, efficiently staffed hospital, music schools, schools of craftsmanship, schools for the Untouchables, and the faint beginnings of a move towards tolerance in caste matters.

Monsoon time is approaching, the rains are due, over-due, and soon the threat of famine is unspoken in everyone's mind. The Maharajah postpones his trip to Carlsbad until the first downpour shall spell safety to the crops on which his people depend; Major Safka, the brilliant Brahmin surgeon and the head of the hospital, weighs the possibilities of one of those scouring outbreaks of fever and death that are the corollaries of famine, and the whole town knows the same tension which shows itself in petty quarrels and overstrained nerves and too much drinking.

With the coming of the rain the atmosphere alters, but it alters for the worse. Surely the rains have never been so torrential before? Is it possible that the river, even though the Maharajah's engineers have altered its course, will overflow and flood the town? What actually happens is so much more dramatic, so unimaginably horrible that no timid conjecture could have pictured it. Throughout the calamity that overtakes Ranchipur just a few of the scores of brilliantly-drawn characters manage to live on. The rest, as one by one they die, are drowned or burnt or attacked by the plague, have deaths that are almost Greek in their inevitability. They have to die, not to clear the stage in that wholesale way beloved of Elizabethan dramatists, but in order to fulfil the destiny to which the story, from its first word, has been moving.

In spite of the tragedy, however, which is the *leitmotif* of the book, there is nothing repressive or morbid in its writing. On the contrary, what the reader feels on reaching the end is not an overwhelming insistence on death but a magnificent assertion of life, of life at its strongest and purest and most selfless. And, at the same time, life at its most physically vigorous and triumphant.

BENTLEY HOUSE—NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS: The main façade in Portland stone of the publishing house designed by Messrs. W. Curtis Green, R.A., Son, and Lloyd. The towers and screen walls are intended to frame and isolate the main block of offices and soften the abrupt differences in heights and scale with surrounding buildings. The design is essentially academic, as is the function of the Press itself, which continues to have an enormous output of works published solely in the interests of learning. Belles lettres, travel, biography, and popular science occupy an important but none the less a definitely secondary place

Now for a few words about a writer who, in the opinion of a million readers or so, needs no such words saying. Miss Ethel M. Dell's new novel **THE JUICE OF THE POMEGRANATE** (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is all that the publishers claim for it. It is exciting, it is a romance, and it is a vital and interesting story.

It has a plot, in fact it has two, and they are far too breezily presented for us to have time to wonder at their plausibility. It has an attractive heroine, a bit of a tomboy of course, a perfectly dastardly villain who makes a practice of biting the knuckles of other people's hands, and a blue-chinned hero.

And anyway—anyway, for those still unconvinced—where else will you find women referred to as the sport of men's wills, or champagne as a draught of liquid gold?

This England . . .

Cornish Moors, near Callington

THERE is a winter magic to be met on moorland if you will brave the walk. At first the rolling upland hangs cold, forbidding, grey—all grey. And suddenly, what is that? Does the ploughed earth redden before your eyes? Look, the sere turf is staining green, the distant ling a rich inviting brown . . . slowly the pale sun makes the faery change. Thus are your eyes re-born that day, though shower and gusty buffet follow after, till dusk hides all and you descend, a singing in your heart. To-day I have trod the English earth, given myself to her rough mothering. Now will I drink of her essence distilled by yet another magic; pour me a golden Worthington from the suns of yesteryear.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

SPRING FASHIONS

Day Clothes are Slender Waisted and Simple in Outline, with Infinitely Varied and Frivolous Hats

COATS are mostly dark and are worn over light-coloured frocks. The majority of them are very slender waisted and slightly flared at the hem, and are worn sashed or unbelted. Linings that match or link up with the dress are popular. Later on slightly shaped coats will be worn unfastened over printed silks. They are collarless and leave a four-inch opening all down the front. A few travelling coats have tremendous fulness at the back, starting from between the shoulder blades, but for formal wear the redingote has no rival.

AN utterly charming and sophisticated black baku bonnet, trimmed with moiré ribbon and with a shaded pink hyacinth which stands against the curve of the brim. This is the sort of bonnet that Paris is crazy about, and this model costs 65s. 9d. at Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

SUITS show the new wrist-length jacket, fitted snugly at the waist and over the hips. Revers are cut low and fronts are sloped away to show white waistcoats.

Boleros are the great success of the spring collections, and they are also responsible for another important suit line which shows a bolero-like jacket fitted to the waist, with curved fronts sloping down three or four inches at the back.

Large buttonholes are worn high on one or both revers. Gloves are very short and are trimmed with bold decorative stitching, or are brightly coloured to match the blouse or hat.

Blue and white lead, with masses of subtly toned checks linked up with plain skirts. Skirts are slender and straight, with side slits, or pleated from the hips, or bias cut with a slight low flare.

Silver Fox Still Triumphs: Two formal outfits for spring and early summer days. A suit with a straight black skirt and an alabaster-grey jacket tied at the waist with a narrow sash, and trimmed with a silver fox stole that has pockets at each end. And a perfectly cut coat in black Ottoman silk with a fluted collar and cuffs of silver fox. A tucked sash is set into the back panel, and the line of the shoulders is emphasised by square-shaped insets at the top of the sleeves. Ottoman silk is the star fabric in the spring collections in Paris. Both the suit and the coat come from Harrods of Knightsbridge

ALMOST as flat as a plate, but with a coquettish Dolly Varden tilt, this superlatively fine straw hat is kept on by a velvet band which is drawn flat across the top and tied in a bow at the back. In black, brown, or navy, it costs 63s. at Marshall and Snelgrove

HATS reflect five main influences. Bonnets, boaters, shallow bowlers, Breton sailors, and flat little plates, flower and feather trimmed, tied on with wide ribbons.

There are some caps, like those worn by the men of the Foreign Legion, complete with sun blinds at the back; a lot of crownless turbans wreathed with flowers; and a complete riot of veils, tied under the chin, drawn up into a bow high on the back of the head, or swathed under and over a brim, with long ends hanging at one side.

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9312. Fur felt Sports hat. In all fashionable colours. Price 21/9. Agencies everywhere.

NEW SWAN holds 2½ times as much ink

AS AN ORDINARY SELF-FILLING PEN

SACLESS VISOFIL

This latest and most convenient of pens makes it practically impossible to "run dry" at an awkward moment. You can see exactly how much ink remains simply by holding the pen up to the light. What is more, it holds sufficient ink for 2½ times as many words as an ordinary self-filling pen gives. Simplicity itself to fill and made throughout of "non-break" material, and guaranteed without time-limit.

All Swan Pens are fitted with 14-ct. gold nibs pointed with finest quality osmi-iridium to make them practically unwearable.

The Visofil Swan, with mounts and clip of rolled gold, 25/-. The Leverless Swan from 17/6. Other Swans from 10/6. Available in many styles & colours, with nibs to suit all hands. Illustrated lists from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., Mayfair, London, W.1, and Branches.

Whatever your pen use **SWAN INK.** it makes **ALL** pens write better

Swan Pens

for Informal Occasions

Featuring the new separate jacket, on tailored lines, this is designed for cocktail wear and dinner at home; simple black gown in heavy crepe, jacket in pale blue ottoman.

Complete 14½ guineas

(Tea Gown Department, Second Floor.)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

Langham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)

SPRING FASHIONS

Vivid Prints and Diaphanous Evening Frocks

A soft green wool dress buttoned down the back and at the side, with a brick-coloured chiffon scarf and handkerchief. It costs 7½ guineas, comes from Swan and Edgar, and is also made in bluebell blue

With a gauged bodice and a skirt with an inverted pleat at the back and front, worn over a slender slip, this navy georgette dress is embroidered all over with small posies of flowers. It costs 6 guineas and comes from Swan and Edgar

Embroidered Flowers

Tucked Stars and Scrolls

FOR the moment interest is mainly centred on very simple woollen frocks, often in two or three colours. New ideas are the introduction of a deep corselet band giving a sweater line from bust to hips, and the enormous number of pleated skirts set into a moulded hip line.

As soon as the days grow warmer riotous-coloured prints will make their appearance. They are used for suits, with plain bands taking up one of the colours ; or for long dresses with long coats in white, pastel or berry colours.

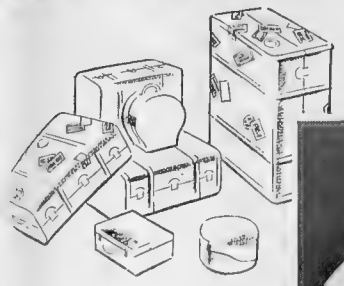
There is a general feeling for making these frocks plain at the front with contrasting or pleated backs. Later we shall wear tailored suits and dresses of coarse cotton net, printed, checked, or plain, in which case navy or black are first favourites.

Evening frocks are romantically full and made in deliciously transparent laces, tulles and organdies ; or they cling to the figure, widening at the hem, and are made in mousseline-de-soie, dull crepes, or satin. White comes first, with hydrangea blues, silvery greys, and sweet-pea shades, from the palest to the deepest, following.

There are a few full length evening redingotes in Ottoman silk or faille, but the majority of frocks have matching boleros or bolero-jackets, and some are completed by straight loose chiffon coats.

Picture frocks in net or lace have spreading skirts and tiny fitted bodices with much intricate work at the waist and about the hips. The seated girl on the right wears a black net dinner dress, ethereally made, with white roses at the waist, and a very full drifting skirt. Her companion has a black net frock trimmed with alternating bands of cyclamen and almond green lace and a cluster of shaded flowers stressing the high waistline. Both models come from Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street, W.

The most important item in your luggage!



"AIRSEA"

—the *reliable* Travel Sickness Antidote

Before you get your tickets, before you pack your bags—remember to buy your box of "AIRSEA". For this will ensure that your journey—however arduous, however rough the sea—will be joyous and comfortable. "AIRSEA" definitely banishes all forms of travel sickness, and it does so *safely*—without any unpleasant after-effects. Harmless, even, for quite young children or the elderly traveller. Be sure to get your supply well in advance of sailing.

TRAVEL IN COMFORT WITH "AIRSEA"

"Airsea" is now obtainable in two sizes: 4/- and 7/6. From all chemists.

Write for illustrated literature, press opinions, testimonials, etc., post free from the distributors.

Samples gladly sent gratis to members of the medical profession.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LTD.,
6–12, OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

Howard Marshall

writes on Current Sport in

The

BYSTANDER

An entertaining feature, magnificently illustrated with Bystander-like pictures

Your Newsagent will send it every Wednesday

We Hasten to Tell you the price . . .

FOR only Six-and-a-Half Guineas you may choose a Gown to wear on the grandest occasion. Our Inexpensive Gown department has many styles to show you at this popular price.

Illustrated above is the ideal dinner gown. Made of a dull material in the smartest colourings, and has Oriental embroidery at the shoulder and belt. In black, canard, lido, firinze blue, and chantilly green.
Hip sizes: 38, 40, 42 and 43 $6\frac{1}{2}$ *Gns.*

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W·1·

"She'll take your breath away— on 'BP' Ethyl!"

BP ETHYL

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK

FASTEST for cars

THE MOTORIST PAYS: The Burrow Bridge tollgate over the River Parret, Athelney, Somerset, has just been put up for auction in accordance with annual custom and has been taken over by the highest bidder who offered the record sum of £1,830 as compared with £1,560 paid in 1937, and £513 paid in 1925. Before any profit could be taken last year 125,000 customers paying 3d. each had to use the bridge. This year an even larger number is required

THE PETROL WORLD

THE CHRYSLER ROYAL SALOON

A Recent Test

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I REGRET to say that many years have passed since I last drove a Chrysler car and so I was glad to have an opportunity a few week-ends ago to test on the road a Chrysler Royal touring saloon. Motorists who go out of their way to avoid driving any car designed in America lose a lot of interesting experience which they cannot get in any other way. I must confess that until I tried this Chrysler my own opinion of the average American designed car was not too flattering, although I realised that thousands are sold and give every satisfaction to their owners. Like many other enthusiasts I actually enjoy driving and I never have liked the sensation of cornering on the average American designed car. Although they have usually been quite safe the body tilting over always proved alarming.

As a result of testing this Chrysler I find that all this cornering business and the super-bouncing springs are not now to be found. This Chrysler Royal cornered and sat on the road every bit as pleasantly as the most refined British sports car. It has made me completely revise my views about cars of this description, although I cannot imagine that any other manufacturer on the far side of the "Herring Pond" has succeeded in making his car as stable and as pleasant to drive as the Chrysler.

This Chrysler Royal has a 6-cylinder engine of practically four litres. Although I would not go into raptures at its appearance I certainly take my hat off to it for its power. It is completely silent, whether the car is running fast or slowly, and when the accelerator pedal is pressed the urge forward has to be felt in order to be believed. True, the engine is what we might call a large power unit in this country but there are many British cars with engines of this size. The power it conveyed to the road wheels is most impressive.

Almost each week-end on my way to the coast, or rather on my way back, I have to ascend a very useful little gradient known as Bagden Hill on the road between Dorking and Bookham. At the steepest part the gradient is 1 in 4½ and a right-angle sharp bend, about 20 ft. up from the bottom, effectively prevents the hill being rushed. It is impossible for me to calculate how many cars I have driven up this particular hill, but I can truthfully say that until I took the Chrysler Royal up the height, no car that I have driven, with the equivalent of five people on board, has gone up that gradient in top gear, yet that is what the Chrysler did.

Another rather remarkable feature I noticed whilst the car was in my possession was the provision of a speedometer which, first of all, the driver could see without effort and, secondly, remarkable as it may seem, appeared to under-register. I did not actually check the instrument, but that is the impression I received. On the open road the Chrysler gives its driver and passengers a real treat, for when cruising speeds are obtained an overdrive comes into operation with the result that the engine revs. are considerably reduced.

I doubt if there is a more impressive looking car on the road to-day. It looks powerful and it is powerful but in the most gentle manner. The room inside the body is remarkable, I should think that three people could sit abreast in front and four in the back. The equipment is complete, nicely arranged and of original design. The comfort of the interior is not disturbed even when travelling over rough roads, the independent front springing, combined with that of the rear, provides the most pleasant riding I have experienced for many a long day.

The brakes too were satisfactory and even with the free wheel in operation I felt I could rely on them in any emergency. I have not room to enumerate all the interesting features of the car but I must say that I think it is remarkable value for £465. I did not try out its maximum speed but the speedometer, which I am sure under-registered, did show 78 m.p.h. on more than one occasion.

On many occasions I have pleaded for manufacturers to make more use of the power available on a car to carry out subsidiary jobs. The batteries start our car for us, light the lamps, and work the windscreen wiper. Recently, however, the electrical energy available has been made to operate the rear-light blind, the sunshine roof, and the movable partition in some chauffeur-driven cars. That is all to the good, and I think we may see before very long our batteries carrying out our cleaning, polishing, tyre-pumping, and other odds and ends which now have to be done manually.

Perhaps the most unusual application of electricity for subsidiary uses in a car is when it is employed for shaving purposes. The Schick Electric Shaver has been on the market for a considerable time but I do not think that many motorists have had a plug fitted to the facia board so that the Shaver can be connected and a nice clean shave carried out whilst travelling along. The household type of Dry Shaver works off practically any voltage, but in order to employ the twelve or six volts available in a car another instrument has to be purchased.

(Continued on page 398)

ECONOMY PERSONIFIED: A Vauxhall 10-h.p. saloon which possesses independent springing and is of an all-steel construction. On a recent R.A.C. trial a similar model did 43 miles to a gallon of petrol

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

"WHAT MADE YOU FINALLY DECIDE"?

"WELL-YOU GET SO MUCH MORE IN AN AUSTIN"

THE GOODWOOD FOURTEEN SALOON

AUSTINS have never been—and may never be—the cheapest cars. For every Austin is built to give, "pressed down and running over," those three qualities which every modern car should possess.

MORE SAFETY

Austin engines are both powerful and docile; designed to form, with steering, gears and brakes, a sensitively responsive unit which can be driven with greater confidence—at higher average speeds—through the busiest streets, over the longest journeys.

MORE COMFORT

The springing is smoother, the upholstery deeper, the head-and-elbow-room greater in an Austin. For the comfort of both passengers and driver always has been and always will be the prime consideration when planning Austin bodies.

MORE BEAUTY

The beauty of an Austin is the *practical* beauty of a car in which neither comfort nor safety has been sacrificed for the sake of effect. Austin comfort is part and parcel of Austin line—that gracious sweeping line which flows from radiator to stop-light.

Above all, it is the tradition of in-built quality and worth which makes every Austin an investment—an investment which yields rich dividends of safety, comfort and pride of ownership.

GOODWOOD
FOURTEEN SALOON
with the new engine

A new 6-cylinder engine with aluminium alloy cylinder head for high thermal efficiency (developing 46 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m.) raises top speed to 70 m.p.h., and gives higher average speed, amazing acceleration, quicker "get-away," faster climbing. 4-speeds (synchromesh). Girling brakes. Adjustable steering column. Triplex toughened glass. All-steel sound-insulated body with "wing-to-wing" vision. Sunshine roof. Built-in luggage accommodation, large fitted trunk

The car with More Beauty, More Comfort . . More Speed

£260

FIXED-HEAD SALOON £250
(at works)

OTHER MODELS

SEVEN	from £112-£135
BIG SEVEN	£145 and £149.10
TEN	from £185-£199
TWELVE	from £220-£237
EIGHTEEN	from £350-£383
TWENTY	£650

Have you seen the Austin Magazine for March?

You buy a car—but you invest in an

Austin

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM & 479 OXFORD ST., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18, & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1 Export Dept.: Birmingham

THE PETROL WORLD (Continued from page 396)

I am not suggesting that the driver himself should be his own barber but his passenger can certainly go on shaving without any difficulty. No soap or brush is required and it is absolutely impossible to cut oneself. Obviously, with such an instrument no mirror is actually necessary.

There appears to be a great drive proceeding to construct footpaths on various roads. This is a development which naturally has the blessing of every right-thinking road user, but I would scarcely have thought it necessary that the kerb-stones should be as high as now appears to be adopted. Although these kerbs constitute a definite danger should a car whilst skidding collide with them, they do greatly assist the motorist in foggy weather.

On an unknown road when visibility is poor it is terribly difficult to pick out the limit of the side of the road but with a nice straight white kerb the task becomes simple. Although we know that the kerbs for footpaths must be higher than the road itself it is difficult to understand why kerbs standing proud of the road should be employed where there are no footpaths. Probably some kind of stone or cement border is desirable at the edges of roads in order to prevent the surface spreading but, as far as I can see, the object will still be achieved if the stone or cement is no higher than the rest of the road itself.

The next big rally to be held is that organised by the R.A.C. which takes place from April 26 to 30. This event has been held for a number of years and on each occasion a watering place on the southern coast has been chosen for the finish. This year, however, the south has been dropped and the competitors will all steer for Blackpool.

Many innovations have been made in the regulations this year and for the first time competitors will be checked at various spots in the country, such as the summit of Bwlch-y-Groes, to ensure that competitors drive along the more difficult sections. This year the competing cars will not be required to remain in control at either of the night stops, Tenby or Largs, or at the finish at Blackpool. I think this is a sensible alteration and will make the rally far more popular with competitors.

Until this year a driver after going round practically all England and eventually arriving at the finish had his car, as it were, taken away from him so that a taxi or other conveyance had to be hired to reach his hotel. Having covered 1,000 miles without much time for dawdling drivers are apt to be sleepy and somewhat short at the finish. To take their car away from them at that particular moment has never been a very popular proceeding.

THE WOOING OF CORSICA (Continued from page 368)

caves. The fortified system extends round to Porto Vecchio, on the east coast, where 400,000,000 francs are being spent on armament. A plan has been drawn up to make the gulf of Porto Vecchio a well-equipped naval base, while the port of Bonifacio presents itself as an ideal nest for submarines."

And this is where one comes down to brass tacks in regard to the origin of the whole present propagandist siege of Corsica. Campinchi was merely an excuse, suitably twisted. The man who has got the Fascists' goat is Deladier, supreme defence chief, who is sparing neither effort nor money in the process of speedily making Corsica not only capable of resisting aggression but of acting as a prime, if not the prime, French outpost for the defensive-offensive, should events so be dictated as to render it impossible for the Republic eventually to avoid going to war.

The weak spot lurks in the allegation of neglect and exploitation.

Could the pushing, partly deprived Italians give a better economic show to the Corsicans than these are at present getting?

The French may have developed the island surprisingly during the past few decades, dragging it out of the Middle Ages to modernity, as it were, yet many Corsicans still complain of being neglected.

To this, the French have answer in the dislocation of *les affaires*, in the flooding of the home market with just such products as lie in Corsica, and they also point to the Corsican character. Corsicans are too immersed in politics, not energetic or creative enough. However, Corsica leaves one with the impression that, before anything, its population clings passionately to personal freedom and to the nearest thing it can get to independence, which seems to point in only one direction, whatever criticism of the French connection you may hear.

ARMS AND THE MEN: A Vickers machine gun in action, from a prepared position, France, 1918. From the painting by Lieut.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison, (author of *The W Plan*), reproduced for the frontispiece of his new book *Machine Guns: Their History and Tactical Employment* (Macmillan)

THE NEW FLEET AIR ARM (Continued from page 372)

further service, they may be retained on the active list for a further eight years; and in a few exceptional cases they may serve as long as officers on the ordinary General Service List of the Royal Navy.

An interesting sidelight on the complication of modern war equipment is shown in the regulations for the new short service Air Branch of the Navy. Out of the seven years of the ordinary short-service commission two are to be occupied in training. Moreover, length of leg is important. We have long been accustomed to height regulations for entry into some of the armed forces, but it appears that the aeroplane has set a new standard. Candidates for the short service Air Branch of the Royal Navy may be accepted if their height is only 64 ins. —5 ft. 4 ins.—but if they have a leg-length of less than 39 ins. they must be given a practical test in a Service aircraft to make sure that they can reach the controls and see out of the cockpit.

This new "service within a service" is likely to prove extremely popular. It is hoped that this will be the case. The Admiralty has not divulged the number of officers likely to be required under this scheme but, in view of the present requirements and the rapid building of aircraft carriers, it is likely that the requirements within the next two years will be very considerable.

K. E.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Will you help the Society to maintain and train their large family of 1,200 poor boys and girls? The boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are being trained for a life at sea and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are being taught definite trades so that they will always be employable, while the girls are prepared for domestic service. The Society is in urgent need of funds and a special appeal is made to the readers of THE SPHERE to help carry on this National Work. Please send a donation to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

ESSE MAJOR Heat Storage Cookers in a London Hospital Kitchen.

The saving of pounds
By the ESSE astounds
Governing Committees & Boards
And even Lords.

Whether you cater for a dozen or a thousand people, there is an ESSE installation ready to save you money and to serve you well.

When the ESSE MAJOR was first introduced, its quiet efficiency and unparalleled economy revolutionised commercial catering in this country. Now you will find this amazing cooker in Hotels, Schools, Hospitals, Canteens, Hostels and Institutions throughout the British Isles.

At Conduit Street we demonstrate how you can reduce your kitchen costs by many pounds a year.

The Esse Cooker Company

(PROPRIETORS SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. EST. 1854.) BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND, AND 63, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Petrol Costs DOWN....

VAUXHALL engines get 20% more power out of every drop of petrol used. That is why recent R.A.C. official petrol consumption trials, over 1,000 miles of public roads, produced these extraordinary results:—

25 h.p.	22·48 m.p.g.
14 h.p.	30·31 m.p.g.
10 h.p.	43·40 m.p.g.

Compare these figures with those obtainable on cars of similar power. And then compare general performance.

Thanks to Vauxhall Engineering Leadership this remarkable economy is only one of the many features that are available to the purchaser of any Vauxhall from 10 h.p. to 25 h.p.

Unless you try a Vauxhall, you are not being fair to yourself.

"ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model and prove its petrol economy.

VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP GIVES

in the "10", "12", "14" and "25"

Remarkable Economy
(20% more m.p.g.)

Independent Springing
(changes riding into gliding)

Controlled Synchromesh
(you can't help making a good change)

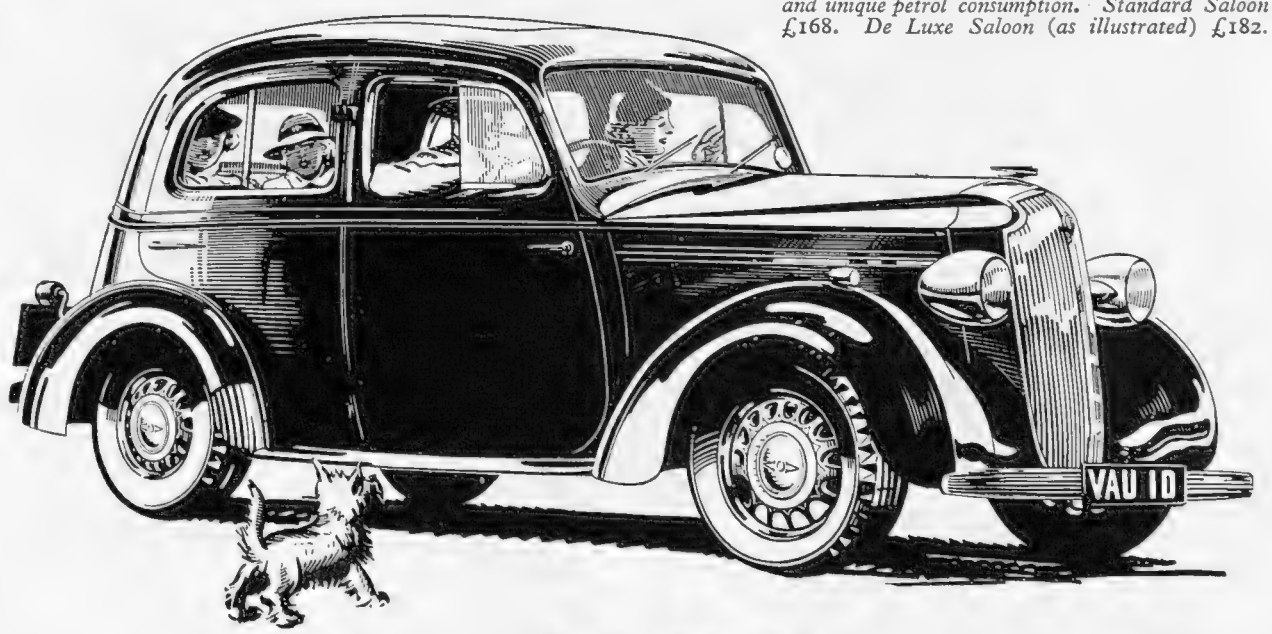
No-Draught Ventilation
(fresh air without shivers)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

And many other features
most of which were pioneered by Vauxhall, some of which are still exclusive to Vauxhall

VAUXHALL

THE VAUXHALL TEN has true Vauxhall distinction, exceptional room, phenomenal power and unique petrol consumption. Standard Saloon £168. De Luxe Saloon (as illustrated) £182.



10 H.P.
FOUR

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P.
SIX

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.

14 H.P.
SIX

Britain's most popular "Fourteen". Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

☆

25 H.P.
SIX

Vauxhall's luxury car. Designed to meet world competition. 80 m.p.h. when you want it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial the 25 h.p. saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gearbox. Hydraulic brakes. Built-in interior heater and defroster. Many other luxuries. Saloon with built-in luggage boot £315.

A Vast Clientele

Amongst its customers the National Provincial Bank numbers Governments, Corporations, Financial Houses, every branch of Industry and Agriculture, all sections of the Professional and Commercial classes, Housewives and Children—testimony enough to the wide range of banking facilities it offers—and to one and all a traditionally courteous and efficient service is rendered.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office:
15, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

Affiliated Banks:
COUTTS & CO
GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

Welcome Always — Keep it Handy
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY
QUEEN'S · SWEET · SPORTSMAN'S DRY

'ATLANTIS' ahoy!

SPRING CRUISES

MAR. 26 W. Africa & Atlantic Is.
26 days from **45** gns.

APRIL 23 Adriatic and Venice
23 days from **39** gns.

MAY 20 Mediterranean
18 days from **31** gns.

JUNE 10 Atlantic Islands
15 days from **26** gns.

JULY 2 Scotland & Norwegian Fjords
12 days from **21** gns.

JULY 15 Norwegian Fjords
7 days from **12** gns.

JULY 23 Spitzbergen & Ice Barrier
19 days from **33** gns.

Also **AUG. 12, SEPT. 2 & 30, OCT. 21 and CHRISTMAS CRUISE DEC. 23**

JUNE 3 Whitsun Week-end Cruise by 'ALCANTARA' for Empire Exhibition, Glasgow.
5 days from **9** gns.

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD. America House, Cockspur St., S.W.1 (Whitehall 9646) Royal Mail House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522), and Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow, or Agents.

Photo: Leslie Burch

The 'Zodiac' booklet gives full particulars of the 1938 ROYAL MAIL Cruises. Write for your copy to-day.

ROYAL MAIL

YOUR NEXT WINTER'S HOLIDAY
Health is everything!
A carefree three or four months' holiday trip to
NEW ZEALAND

next winter, journeying into the beautiful summer there, surely is worth considering!

The cost is not more than that of many winter holidays at Continental resorts. Restful steamer voyages in ideal conditions on modern liners, and with very much of interest en route. And six weeks in one of the most beautiful and interesting countries in the world.

New Zealand is rapidly becoming the popular tourist resort of the Empire. Of the people, 99 per cent. are British, who regard the Motherland with affection, and will give you the warmest welcome.

No country has the same varied, grand, and wonderful scenery in so small an area. MOUNTAINS, FIORDS, THERMAL WONDERS, FORESTS, LAKES AND CAVES, and beautiful DOWNS and PLAINS.

There is incomparable TROUT and SALMON FISHING, DEEP-SEA ANGLING for SWORDFISH, and DEER-STALKING.

Also in New Zealand THE ENGLISH £1 IS WORTH NEARLY £1 5s. 0d.

Full information and sample itineraries, estimated costs, illustrated booklets, sailing lists, etc., will be supplied on application to:—

The High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2,
where the advice and assistance of New Zealand Government Tourist Officers are at your service

EASILY ACCESSIBLE AND INEXPENSIVE

Brilliant sunshine and excellent snow conditions during March and April at most Czechoslovak Mountain Resorts are just two of the many reasons why Sports enthusiasts and holiday-makers choose Czechoslovakia for a late winter holiday. Hospitable hoteliers offer modern hotel comforts and first-class catering. You can enjoy winter sports in Czechoslovakia from as little as Kc 40 (about 5/8) a day, en pension. Come to Czechoslovakia NOW—only five hours' flying from London. Interesting literature and details of special railway fare reductions from any travel agency or the CZECHOSLOVAK TRAVEL BUREAU, (Dept. SE 3) 21, Regent Street, S.W.1

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—The Empress.—Sunniest Hotel. 1st cl. Very comfortable. Cntrl. Grden Rms with bath. Suites. New mgmt. Frm 3½ gns.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tenn., swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) Navirotel (The Ship Hotel).—Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934 Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view—open all the year. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management

Paris.—Hotel Jubilé. 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Closest the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suite

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 m. [illegible] Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. [illegible]-cure. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terrace Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of intern. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Court of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-c. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in house. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp Pk. and On. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd. by best British society. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa.—Sporthotel Hof Maran.—300 ft. above Arosa (6,000 ft.). Every comfort. Concerts, bar, etc. T. Halder, Managing Proprietor.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Hotel Alpina.—The Skiers' Paradise. 1st cl. fam. htl. Wonderful situatn. Incl. tms frm F. 14. E. Burri, prop.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. All winter sports. Topping band.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—1st. cl. 200 beds. Best sunny pos. Typical Eng. fam htl. every entertmt, psl atten. Mod. prices.

Lugano.—Grand Hotel Palace.—Unrivalled situation on lake. Quiet yet central. Open-air restaurant. Large park. Own tennis court.

Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel.—Directly on the lake. All comforts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Pension rate from Frs. 11.50.

Montreux.—Montreux-Palace Hotel.—Lake Geneva, renowned mild climate, sheltered from winds, winter sports in immediate vicinity.

Mürren.—The Grand Hotel.—250 beds. The perfect & sunny snow holidays & true enjoyment. Dancing, Kursl. Econ. rates. C. F. Eicher, Man.

Sils-Maria (Engadine).—Hotel Waldhaus.—High class family Hotel in finest ski-ing centre. O. Kienberger, Managing Director.

Unterwasser—Iltios.—Hotel Sternen.—The leading hotel of the Säntis district. Mod. comf. Orchestra. Bar. Pension terms Frs. 9 to 12.

Wengen.—Palace.—At its best in March. Inclusive terms from Francs 18. F. Borter, proprietor.

Zurich.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—1st class, opposite station. Swiss Air office. Rooms from Frs. 6 50, meals Frs. 3.50-5. Most convenient.

Zweisimmen.—Hotel Bristol-Terminus.—The English home from home. Every comfort. Reasonable terms. Amusements.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES *from* NEAR *and* FAR

Shanghai Carries On : Zara, Where the Crusaders Staged a Side Show : Aix Prepares for Easter

THE FAR EAST—While the situation is not likely to induce much travelling for pleasure at present those who have to postpone their plans for visiting the beautiful islands of Japan and age-old China will get some satisfaction from the news that the travel services are improving. In some directions they are not far from normal, though, of course, in a large part of the South nothing of the sort is possible. Shanghai is making a valiant effort to carry on and a number of liners have restored this port of call. The Japanese steamers are running between Shanghai and Kobe and the coastal services are in operation.

With all that has been happening it is strange to hear that Pekin—the old name is again restored and Peiping dropped—and Tientsin are open once more to sightseers. There is fairly good railway communication in the north.

A SOLITARY CLASSIC COLUMN dominates this square in Zara, the Dalmatian seaport that was for so long in the power of Venice

Aix-les-Bains. — There is a strong English element in this famous spa and if any further evidence of that were necessary you have it in the arrangements for the coming season which include an Empire Day celebration on May 24 with an Anglo-French fête. The national thermal baths remain open all the year but the season begins at Easter when the Grand Cercle Casino, the golf course, and the tennis courts will be ready. One of the most picturesque events is at the beginning of June; it is the 9th Congress and Fêtes of the Rhone district. In the middle of July they have the International Alpine Rally with sporting contests on the new road from Aix to Le Revard.

Cycling is a great sport at Aix and the competitors in the Tour de France will make it a halting place towards the end of July. They will have what they call a rest day there and a very good choice too. Horse racing, flower shows, water sports in the Olympic pool, regattas and many other attractions have been arranged but apart from all that the district abounds in interest and beauty. The Savoy Alps beckon the hardier ones and there is good sport for the angler in the lake and rivers.

Zara.—Perhaps it was the reading of one of those not too creditable chapters in the history of the Crusades which brought this little port into mind. The men of the Fourth Crusade, very hard up, arrived in Venice to find that the Doge of the city had a spot of bother with his subjects at Zara, so he bargained with the Crusaders to do the dirty work in return for the transport they could not afford. The Crusaders having a conscience did not like the idea but they were in a rather sorry plight so they took it on and, having sacked the place, they settled down there for winter quarters, it then being too late to push on to the Holy Land. In after years Zara, which had been part of the Roman Empire, made a habit of revolting against Venice and had an ally in Hungary. She gave it up in the end and it was not until the decline of Venice that the place became part of Austro-Hungary. The peace of the great war gave it to Yugoslavia.

From all that you would expect Zara to have something worth seeing and it has, the Cathedral of Anastasia having the finest façade in all Dalmatia. It has a Roman tower and the remains of an aqueduct. There are also numerous relics of the Venetian period.

There is communication by steamers from Venice or Ancona and, rather off the beaten track, it is worth a visit.

Bayreuth.—Musical people have already begun to talk about the Festival play this year which celebrates the 125th birthday of Wagner. I think those who go there for the first time will be a little surprised to find that it is two or three times the size of Stratford-on-Avon. However, it suited Wagner's purpose very well in giving complete separation from the opera houses of the great cities. The Festival plays this year include *Parsifal*, the *Nibelungen Ring*, and *Tristan and Isolde* and the period is July 24 to August 19. Already for four of the performances there is not a seat to be had and during the period of the Festival there will be a premium on hotel accommodation.

If, however, you are not a Wagnerian and your travels take you into that part of Germany, Bayreuth (or Baireuth) should be in the itinerary. There is a peculiar charm in the Franconian scenery—the town is the capital of Upper Franconia—and Bayreuth itself is a very pleasant and almost light-hearted place. A popular festival is held there in the later part of June.

Holiday Encyclopædia.—There are not far short of 400 pages in the book (no longer a booklet) of summer holiday travel abroad issued by Thos. Cook and Son. It presents an astonishing range of travel from Dover to Damascus and in most of the places that lie between. They offer a week-end at Ostend for £2 14s. 6d., and at the other end of the scale is a tour with independent travel of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, including a Mediterranean cruise, for £80 5s. and occupying 30 days. Switzerland figures prominently in the programme and there Cooks are breaking new ground.

For such excellent accommodation as they offer some of the holidays are extraordinarily cheap—the lowest price being £6 4s. 6d. for 9 days. They are again running grand tours of Italy and Central Europe by special trains, Scandinavia, and by motor coach, France. A novelty off the beaten track is a holiday by motor, rail and boat to the Arctic Ocean. The book is full of interesting information and it is so attractively presented that there is particular pleasure in sitting down to pick out your holiday though it is not an easy task with so much to choose from. It may be obtained free on application to any of Cooks' offices.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sbhere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we bublish these particular examples as being of interest to brosbective travellers generally.

Lugano.—This is quite a good centre for a holiday in March. Although it may not be very warm you can count on bright sunny days. It is important to take really good serviceable boots if you propose to do much walking; also pullovers and a warm coat. A newcomer to travel abroad would be well advised to book an all-in tour with one of the leading travel agencies who are able to quote lower prices than one can obtain individually.

Frisian Islands.—An inexpensive holiday may be had in this chain of islands lying off the coast of Holland and away up to Holstein. The East Frisian group which include Norderney, Borkum, Juist, Baltrum, Langeoog, Spickeroog, and Wangerooge are a few miles off the German coast between the mouths of the Ems and Weser. From mid-May to mid-September the Norddeutscher Lloyd runs regular services from Bremen and Bremerhaven to the islands and to Heligoland. There is also communication by air between the mainland and the largest of the islands.

Tangier. — In April the days will be warm and sunny and you could wear light clothes but you would probably need light coats, and after sunset, warm coats. Bathing is possible so early in the year but it is not general until the end of May or June. We recommend the Cecil Hotel and if you require something less expensive the Bristol which is very good. There are 45 rooms, all with running water, and 20 bathrooms. Room and pension cost about 45 francs per day.

Fontainebleau.—The fine old forest and the Palace where Napoleon signed his abdication are great attractions for day excursionists. The little village is a good place to stay in for a time; you get the atmosphere much better that way. We recommend the Legris et Parc, room with pension 50 to 80 francs per day, the Aigle-Noir 50 to 100 francs per day and, on more modest lines, the Cascades et Beauséjour at 35 to 40 francs per day.

Setubal.—This is the headquarters of the sardine industry in Portugal. An interesting route is by car to the Tagus ferry at Cacilhas and then to the village of Almada. A fine panorama of Lisbon and the estuary of the Tagus is seen from there and farther on at the ancient fort of Palmella, commanding the town of that name, the scene takes in the Cintra Hills to the north and down to the river Sado and the sea in the south. At Setubal the castle of S. Filepe and the church of St. Maria are worth seeing.

Channel Islands.—They are much milder than England during the winter. Guernsey is a pretty island with good walks along the coastline and quite a number of retired people live there. Something of the old Norman atmosphere remains. Sark should not be missed and it is quite a short run from Guernsey. The sea journey is short and the vessels very comfortable.

Beverley Brooke

OLD AMSTERDAM : A 14th-CENTURY BEGUINAGE

AN OASIS AMID A CITY'S BUSTLING LIFE: The beguinage at Amsterdam with its tiny gabled houses *(left)* dominated by the witch-capped, pink brick church *(right)*

A feature of Dutch towns to be especially grateful for in these days is the enclosed Church and charitable institutions which form oases of quiet in the midst of the noise and swirl of traffic. Almost every town in Holland has its *Weeshuis*, or orphanage, and its *Begijnhof*, or beguinage, like miniature cloisters, which continue to serve a purpose that has gone on, usually without interruption, since the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

Amsterdam has one of the most charming beguinages, as well as the oldest, left in Holland. The Amsterdam Begijnhof lies between two of the busiest shopping and traffic streets of the city, with one entrance from the Kalverstraat and another from the Spui. It is a brick-paved quadrangle surrounded by tiny gabled houses and with a witch-capped, pink brick church rising from the centre. In front of every little Hans Andersen house is a garden enclosed by wooden palings, and hidden among the houses on one side is the ancient church, with its miracle-working relics, which once a year at midnight, are carried through the streets of Amsterdam followed by pilgrims from all over the country.

The beguinage dates from 1300. It is, therefore, the oldest ecclesiastical institution in the city. It has continuously housed beguines since that period, but now they are getting fewer and fewer, and the little houses are being handed over to elderly women who deserve well of the church, and are given these homes to end their days in.

In a corner of the beguinage is one of tbe two wooden houses still remaining in Amsterdam. The rest of the houses are of brick, two and three storeys high and one room broad. The gable of almost every one of them is adorned with ancient reliefs. There are also some amusing reliefs on the inside of the arched portal which forms the entrance from the Spui. These reliefs show beggars and dogs running out of the *hofje* (little court) as hard as they can, and are a warning that such creatures are extremely unwelcome. Otherwise, the Amsterdam beguinage is freely open to the public, and is the only institution of its kind which is regarded as a public thoroughfare.

The old church in the centre has been spoiled by excessive and tasteless restoration. Oddly enough, although it rises from the centre of what is practically a nunnery, the church is in the possession of the Presbyterian Church, and services in English are held there every Sunday.

● Stay at lovely

KINMEL HALL

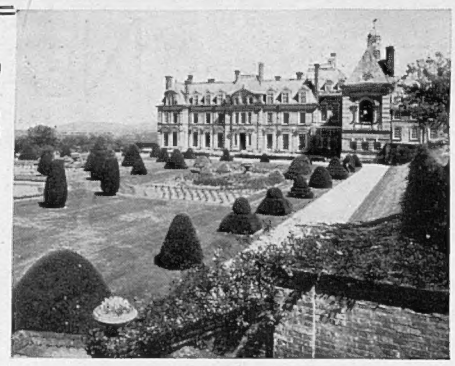
—THE RHEUMA SPA OF WALES

ABERGELE

Delightful residential and holiday centre. Magnificent fifteenth century mansion—modernised. 1,000 acres of parkland; own golf course; near sea. All games. Riding, shooting, fishing.
SPA TREATMENTS under resident Medical supervision. Excellent cuisine. Special diets. Treatment rooms in separate wing.
Week-end terms - - from 35/-
Board Residence from 4⅓ Gns. week.

Come for a Change - Come for the Cure

Brochure and terms from Secretary:
RHEUMA SPA LTD.
KINMEL HALL - ABERGELE - N. WALES



THE VENETIAN GARDEN

IT'S Never too Early . . .

to come to Bude. Motoring, fishing, tennis, squash, billiards, riding and walking. Golf links adjoining. Your Hotel? The GRENVILLE—second to none in Cornwall. 100 rooms and suites. Fully licensed. Covered verandahs, ballroom, lift, central heating. Write Manager for tariff. Tel.: 15

GRENVILLE HOTEL

BUDE

A West Country Gem . . .

Beautifully ensconced on a wooded Southern slope looking on to Lee Bay. 366 acres of grounds reaching to the sea, with golf course free to visitors.
An historic old building luxuriously renovated throughout, with central heating, running water, etc. Licensed. Write for tariff. Tel.: Lynton 24.

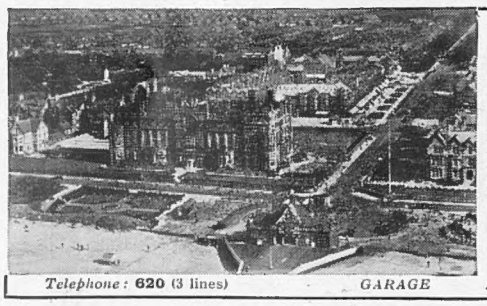
LEE ABBEY HOTEL LYNTON

The best of everything . . .

in terms of horses, health, golf, scenery, sunshine, rest, and comfort await you at

PALM COURT HOUSE HOTEL

Inclusive terms for residence and riding. Write for details. Tel. Rustington 323. ANGMERING-ON-SEA, SUSSEX



ST. ANNES-ON-SEA

HOTEL MAJESTIC

(Open all the Year round)

The popular Social Rendezvous of the Lancashire Coast. Opposite Pier. 200 Bedrooms with Hot and Cold Water. Magnificent Ballrooms and Lounge. Thé and Diner Dansants. The Majestic Orchestra plays daily in the Lounge. Swimming Pool.

SPECIAL WEEK-END TERMS

Within easy reach of Four Golf Courses.
TENNIS, BADMINTON, Etc.

Telephone: **620** (3 lines) *GARAGE* Apply for Illustrated Brochure S to Manager.

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating throughout.

Lift
Self-contained Suites
Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

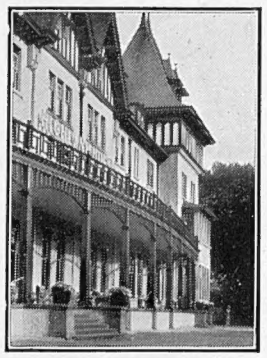
SCOTLAND.

HIGHLAND HOTEL STRATHPEFFER

Open May to September

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESORT HOTEL IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

RESTAURANT & SLEEPING CARS BY LMS



Arthur Towle, *Controller*, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

In Quest of

A Drive Down A 30 from Trove for Travellers : Mo

I HAVE had the good fortune lately to stumble on one or two places of real interest off the beaten track and to renew my acquaintance with various similar places which I have discovered in the past. By the time this article appears in print, it will be March; and, when March arrives, the touring season is about to begin. So let me tell you this week about some of these smaller places which ought not to be missed when you are in the neighbourhood. Incidentally, it is well to remember that the later summer months are the months when discoveries become wider spread, and the earlier you go the more "undiscovered" you will find them.

I wonder how many of my readers have driven down A 30 from London to Exeter and have noticed at an ugly little village called Fenny Bridges, about 3 miles on the Exeter side of Honiton a rather ugly little guest house called Bloomfield? I am prepared to wager that 99 per cent. of those who have noticed it have never thought of stopping. I myself usually fight shy of places which lie right on a busy main road unless they look especially attractive, and I must have passed Bloomfield fifty times before I ever gave it a second thought. But you cannot keep the reputation of a good place from spreading, and once or twice lately I have heard rumours on my journeys that Bloomfield was worth a visit. So I stopped the other day and made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Amelot and their daughter who are the proprietors.

Seldom have I been so pleased with a discovery. For the moment you get inside Bloomfield you realise that you are, so to speak, among friends. But what lifts Bloomfield out of the ordinary run of comfortable guest houses is the cooking. I say quite soberly that Mr. Amelot's cooking is as good as you will find anywhere. Cooking always seems to run in families and sure enough it runs in Mr. Amelot's. For his father was chef to the Governor-General of Australia; his brother has for years been chef to H.M. Queen Mary, and Mr. Amelot himself was chef at the Turf Club. With a background such as this, it is not surprising that Bloomfield is an unusual place.

When I went there, it was still closed for the winter (it re-opens about the time this article appears), but Mr. Amelot rather apologetically asked me if I would like to stay for a "scrap" lunch. Having some inkling of what was in store for me, I accepted . . . and I need only say that the "scrap" lunch was a meal that I shall remember with extraordinary satisfaction.

Another place that I must draw your attention to is the George at Ilminster, which is also in mind as the result of a recent visit. Let me hasten to say that the George is not a particularly small place, nor is it by any means undiscovered. But Ilminster is a place which very many people miss on their journeys—they wouldn't if they knew the George!—so Mr. Batty-Smith must forgive me if I refer to his famous inn as "off the beaten track"!

The George has a wealth of historical associations, but it is by no means content that its reputation should rest upon these. All the bedrooms have been modernised and contain hot and cold water, as well as most comfortable beds. Furthermore, as Mr. Damon Runyon says, the George is well known to one and all as the lunching and dining rendezvous of its neighbourhood. The food is very good, the wine-list interesting and reasonably priced; and what is of perhaps even greater importance to many travellers, you will be cheerfully served with a hot meal at any time between 7 a.m. and 11 p.m.! Mr. and Mrs. Batty-Smith who have owned the George for about eighteen months are determined to apply modern ideas and modern standards of comfort to the running of their old inn. And it looks to me as if they are being strikingly successful.

I wrote last week about Cornwall, but I did not have the space to mention one place which attracted me very much and which is certainly off the beaten track—The Old Ferry Inn at Boddinnick. I have known this delightful place for

Pied-a-terre . . .

must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

If it's pleasure . . . .

you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.

Telephone: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL

Knightsbridge, S.W.1

A week-end at Folkestone?

—at a first-class hotel in a sunny, sheltered situation. Golf links 10 minutes' walk. Tennis, squash and badminton adjoining. Lift to all floors. Cocktail Lounge, private suites and bathrooms with softened water. Your comfort under the personal direction of the Resident Proprietor.

Telephone 2666

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

ondon Reveals Treasure
laces Off the Beaten Track

some years now, but a recent journey in the West was my first opportunity of meeting its new owners—Mr. and Mrs. Donald Buckley. They have considerably improved the place in many ways and must have spent a tidy sum in decorations. But all the work has been done with such discretion that the unique atmosphere of the place is in no way spoiled, while the comfort is very greatly improved.

Mrs. Buckley is Norwegian and her national taste is charmingly reflected in the brightly coloured wooden furniture of the bedrooms. She is also, like practically all Norwegians, a very good cook and she can occasionally be prevailed upon, I hear, to cook strange and delicious Norwegian meals for her guests.

When I add that Mr. Buckley used to be an officer on a P. and O. boat you will agree that they ought to be admirably suited to running an hotel. The Old Ferry Inn solves quite a problem for me, since I do not yet know any place in Fowey itself which I can recommend. But five minutes in the ferry from the centre of Fowey brings you to Boddinnick and its delightful inn. There, if you are lucky enough to find one of the nine bedrooms unoccupied, you will almost certainly stay—longer than you intended.

Now, leaving the south-west of England, I should like to remind you of another very favourite place of mine, which is off the beaten track, though this one I have mentioned in THE SPHERE before. It is the Old England Hotel at Sutton-on-Trent. Mr. W. J. Pike, who is a business man in Newark 8 miles away, has built the Old England Hotel to conform as exactly as possible to his own ideas of hotel comfort and he runs it with the aid of his mother and his sister. The result is a degree of comfort and superlative value for money which is only possible among Yorkshire people.

You will indeed have a microscopic eye if you ever detect a speck of dust in this bright little hotel; for the Pikes are people who are not only anxious to make their guests comfortable, but genuinely proud of their own home. The Great North Road is going to be used a lot this year in view of the Glasgow Exhibition and wise travellers will take my tip and follow Mr. Pike's signs to the Old England Hotel, which lies in perfect quiet one mile off the main road between Newark and Retford. For every ten people who do this, nine will probably become regular patrons . . . but that is the effect which the Pike family have on almost all their guests! Incidentally, racing men—and women—might remember that Sutton-on-Trent is only about ten miles from Lincoln racecourse and that at times when Lincoln will probably be unpleasantly crowded—the ease and comfort of the Old England Hotel is waiting for you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. T. L. (Horncastle).—You ask for a first-class hotel, preferably not too far from London, where you can live *en suite* with your own furniture, receiving food and attendance from the hotel. The countryside must be pleasant and you must be able to increase your accommodation when you want to. Well, that is not a particularly easy one to answer. My first thought is the famous Granby Hotel at Harrogate. You could not have a better place . . . and when you have stayed there you will agree with me that it is really first class! If Harrogate is too far from London—and I rather gather from your letter that it may be—you should try the Chine Hotel at Boscombe, near Bournemouth. The Chine is a famous centre of good living and I am confident you would find it a most comfortable headquarters.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.

Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

WEYMOUTH
Sunshine !
GLOUCESTER HOTEL
Comfort !
Telephone: Weymouth 405
THE HONYWOOD HOTELS **DORSET**

THE HEATH HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE

ONLY HALF-AN-HOUR FROM LONDON

One of the smaller, LESS EXPENSIVE, and MORE HOMELY first class Hotels standing in beautiful grounds. Luxuriously furnished and equipped for your comfort.

NEW BALLROOM **LONDON DANCE BAND**

Children's Playroom. Tennis. New Cocktail Lounge.

THE TARIFF——AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE

IDEAL CENTRE FOR GOLF, RIDING, SQUASH, TENNIS, RIVER

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Impney Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

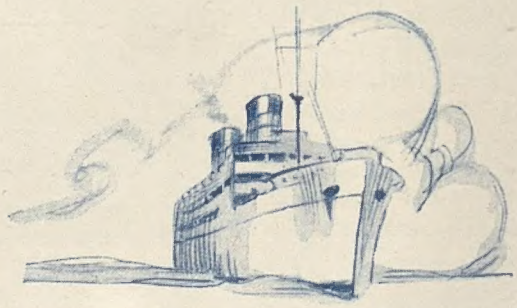
CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

So easy to give...so delightful to receive—These favourite ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS

It is a gift that will re-express your kindly thought for many months after some small token might be forgotten. Whether you are gift giving at birthday, anniversary time or all the year round, solve the problem by entering subscriptions for one or more ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS. Never the slightest doubt as to the suitability of these great publications and you may be sure they will be appreciated. For a friend overseas, an aged relative, a boy at school—or for 'one who has everything'—these intensely interesting Illustrated Newspapers will convey your good wishes for fifty-two weeks in succession.

For the modest sums below our Publisher will dispatch for you each week for a year—no worry, no wrapper writing—no fuss—fill in the coupon below—we will gladly do the rest.



Should you wish to send any of these publications to an address other than that shown below, please attach full name and address and we will indicate to recipient that the copy is sent at your request.

12 MONTHS SUBSCRIPTION			6 MONTHS SUBSCRIPTION			Kindly indicate by a (X) those papers you wish to be sent	
INLAND	CANADA	ELSEWHERE ABROAD	INLAND	CANADA	ELSEWHERE ABROAD		
£3.0.10	£3.0.8	£3. 6.6	£1.12.3	£1.11.6	£1.14.6	ILL. LONDON NEWS	
£3.3. 0	£3.0.8	£3.11.9	£1.12.9	£1.11.5	£1.17.2	The TATLER	
£3.1. 0	£3.0.8	£3. 6.6	£1.11.9	£1.11.6	£1.14.6	The SKETCH	
£3.0.10	£3.0.8	£3. 5.6	£1.11.7	£1.11.5	£1.14.8	The SPHERE	
£3.0.10	£3.0.8	£3. 5.3	£1.11.7	£1.11.5	£1.13.9	The BYSTANDER	
£3.1. 0	£3.0.8	£3. 6.6	£1.11.9	£1.11.9	£1.14.6	SPORTING & DRAMATIC	

PLEASE SEND PUBLICATION/S MARKED [X] TO THE UNDERMENTIONED FOR ..... MONTHS AND SEND ME YOUR ACCOUNT

Name .....

Address .....

..... P

KINDLY USE BLOCK LETTERS

IF you do not wish to cut this sheet, a copy of the above data will be sent upon request to the address stated alongside.

THIS ORDER SHOULD BE SENT TO THE SECRETARY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 32 ST. BRIDE ST., E.C.4.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.,